The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 127

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 132

THE READER—
Winston Churchill, M.P., as a Man of Letters 133
The Story of the Doones. By H. Snowden Ward 139
Notes of a Bookbuyer. By Claudius Clear 142
"The Bookman" Prize Competitions 145

NEW BOOKS—
Anatole France 146
Gospels of Anarchy. By Y. Y. ... 147
Outposts of Empire 149
Mammon and His Message. By Walter de la Mare 151
The Russian Court. By J. Foster Fraser 152
Love and Politics 152
Goethe Once More. By Dr. W. Barry 154
Mr. Galsworthy's Short Stories ... 154

NOVEL NOTES—
The Forefront of the Battle—The Shame of Motley—R. J.'s Mother—The Prodigal City—The Honour of X—A Man of Genius—The Passion of Paul Marillier—Lady Athlyne—The Magic of May 155-7

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
From a Hertfordshire Cottage—The Angel and the Author—A Tramp's Philosophy—Old Cottages and Farmhouses in Surrey 157-8

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 158

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 159

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Messrs. Macmillan have arranged to publish a collected edition of Mr. Henry James's works, which Messrs. Scribner are preparing to issue in America. Mr. James has written a special preface for each book giving its history and the circumstances in which he wrote it. He has always refused to be interviewed and hitherto has never taken the public into his confidence, but in these prefaces he has broken through that reserve in a remarkable and intensely interesting manner.

Mr. John Oxenham has been making a collection of certain of his short stories, and the book is to be published by Messrs. Methuen this autumn.

Mr. Perceval Gibbon has travelled much about the world, written some finely imaginative short stories, and done a great deal of brilliant journalistic work since "Souls in Bondage" made its appearance, and he has now finished a new novel which is to come out in the autumn. He is calling the book "Salvator." The story opens in East Africa, and after shifting its scene to an English country district, returns and ends in East Africa, a part of the world that Mr. Gibbon has lived in and knows well.

"Salthaven," the delightfully humorous novel that Mr. W. W. Jacobs is contributing serially to the *Strand Magazine*, will be published in October, here by Messrs. Methuen, and by Messrs. Scribner in America.

Mr. Joseph Conrad has just passed for press the proofs of a volume of short stories to which he has given the title of "A Set of Six."

Miss Somerville and "Martin Ross" (Miss Violet Martin, of Ross, co. Galway) have completed for publication this autumn "Some Further Experiences of an Irish R.M." The first "Experiences" made their appearance some years ago now, and have had such a constant and steadily increasing vogue that the sales of the book have, I understand, run into figures that are only equalled by those of the most popular of living novelists.

In view of the fact that one or two critics have drawn comparisons between Mr. Edward C. Booth's successful novel, "The Cliff End," and the work of Mr. de Morgan, it is interesting to know that Mr. Booth's story was written some six or seven years ago. It was stereotyped in readiness for publication as far back as 1904, but the chapter of accidents has delayed its appearance until now. The Century

Photo by Urbus & Bernardi. **Mr. Edward C. Booth.**
Author of "The Cliff End."

Company are bringing it out this month in America under the title of " The Post Girl." At present Mr. Booth is holidaying on the Continent, but is returning to settle down on the Yorkshire coast and spend the remainder of the summer at work on a second novel for which he is under contract to Mr. Grant Richards. Although " The Cliff End " is Mr. Booth's first novel, it does not represent his first appearance as an author; he wrote that fine patriotic ballad, " England, Mother England," with which Madame Clara Butt made such a wonderful sensation on her Australian tour last autumn.

We are almost all of us Dickensians now, whether we belong to the Fellowship of that name or not, and the book that Mr. Teignmouth Shore has been engaged upon for some little time past, " Charles Dickens and his Circle," is sure of a wide welcome. No writer about Dickens, so far, has given enough attention to the elusive and abundantly interesting personalities of certain of the minor authors of his day who came into contact with him—men such as Albert Smith, Andrew Halliday, Sala—but Mr. Shore may be relied upon to supply this deficiency. His book is to be published this autumn by Messrs. Sisley.

Miss Graham Hope, whose new novel, " The Honour of ' X,' " we review on another page, is a daughter of Colonel W. Hope, V.C., and sister of the late Adrian Hope, who was for twenty years secretary of the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street. Miss Hope's first novel was " A Cardinal and his Conscience," which she offered to Mr. John Murray, who was not at that time issuing much fiction, but he thought so well of the story that he strongly advised her to send it to Messrs. Smith, Elder, by whom it was immediately accepted. But though Miss Hope was thus spared the usual difficulties that confront the beginner, she had before that had other difficulties to get over. When she was a child she met with a very severe accident that crippled her and kept her lying helplessly on her back until she was turned twenty, and since she was unable to go to school, and not strong enough to take lessons under a governess, she had practically no education at all. Her mother taught her her letters, and her friends will tell you that she had nothing by way of school-book except the *Globe* newspaper, from whose pages she learned to read.

The half-dozen admirable novels that Miss Hope has published in these last few years have firmly established her reputation. She has lately completed a children's book and is already at work on a new novel, which she believes will prove to be the best she has yet written. It is a story of the present day, and its principal character is an invalid boy; to some extent it will be autobiographical, for the boy's experiences will be more or less reminiscent of the author's own. Miss Hope does not by any

Photo by Lallie Charles. **Miss Graham Hope.**
Whose novel, "The Honour of 'X,'" is reviewed on p. 156.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan.
As lieutenant in the Territorial Army.

means hold that the invalid's lot is a specially unhappy one ; it has its compensations ; it is pleasant in its way to sit outside the hurly-burly and look on quietly, an interested spectator ; moreover, one so placed has glimpses of the gentler underside of human character, and the invalid is often touched to find how considerate and kind the most unpromising persons can be. By the way, Miss Hope would seem to be making up for those long years of inactivity, for she is now kept busy by a strenuous political league, of which she is the organising secretary for Oxfordshire.

It is all very well for Mr. Coulson Kernahan to urge his brothers of the pen to be patriotic, shoulder a gun, learn to drill, and go a-soldiering, but how many men of letters have his inches, his inherent youth, his abundant energy and enthusiasm, and would look so well in a military uniform? Mr. Kernahan says he became a lieutenant in the new Territorial Army for very shame. "I was ashamed," he writes, "to think that if war came, and England were in danger, I, an able-bodied man, should have to watch others go out to take a man's part in the defence of the country, while I remained behind with the women. I am ashamed now that the shame was so long of coming—that I did not earlier in life realise the necessities of national defence."

And in "An Author in the Territorials" (two or three chapters of which have appeared in the *Daily Mail* under the title of "An Author in Arms") Mr. Kernahan gives a very interesting and thoroughly entertaining account of the experiences he had to go through before he could qualify as an officer—of how he drilled in the Awkward Squad, lived under canvas, took part in sham-fights, and by toilsome and dogged practice hammered himself into shape as a serviceable, capable soldier. It is a manly, inspiring little volume, and should influence more enlistments into the Territorials than all the recruiting sergeants of the force put together. Lord Roberts contributes a foreword to it, and it is dedicated to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The book is published at 2s. 6d. by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, to whom we are indebted for permission to reproduce the excellent frontispiece portrait of Mr. Coulson Kernahan in his regimentals.

Serial writing is an art in itself, and "Andrew Loring" is one of the ablest of its exponents. He has devoted himself as an author almost entirely to the writing of serial fiction for the daily papers, and owes his popularily in that line to the fact that he has taken his work very seriously

Photo by Ernest H. Mills. **Mr. Andrew Loring.**
Whose novel, "The Forefront of the Battle," is reviewed on p. 155.

Miss Irene Osgood
(Mrs. Robert Harborough Sherard).

and made a special study of the construction and technique of that particular class of narrative. His "Mr. Smith of England" extended to five hundred thousand words in length, and ran for six months in the columns of the *Daily Mail*. Out of the large number of such serials that have come from his pen Mr. Loring has found time to reconstruct and rewrite only some half-dozen for publication in book form, one of these being "The Forefront of the Battle," which we notice elsewhere. This ran through the *Daily Chronicle* under the title of "The Sin of David," but was reduced to half its original length and entirely rewritten before its author was satisfied to make a book of it. "Andrew Loring" is a mask that hides Mr. Lorin Lathrop, who has represented the United States as Consul in one or other of the ports of Great Britain for over a quarter of a century, and has for the greater part of that period given his unofficial hours to the writing of fiction.

"Servitude," by "Irene Osgood," is a story of the early years of the nineteenth century, and deals with the adventures of an Englishman who is taken prisoner by Algerian corsairs, and carried into slavery. It is a sensational romance with an engaging love interest. Before writing the story, the author had lived for some time in Algiers, and made a close study of the place and its people. "Irene Osgood" is an American by birth. She is well known in the Midlands as one of the best sportswomen in England; when she came to this country, fifteen years ago, her first husband rented Knebworth from Lord Lytton; two years back, being forced by ill-health to give up hunting, she wrote a little novel called "To a Nun Confess'd," which was published with immediate success by Messrs. Sisley, who have just issued her new book.

I hear that "Irene Osgood" is arranging to offer through her publishers three prizes of a total value of twenty pounds for the three best criticisms, favourable or unfavourable, of this new novel, "Servitude." Her earlier books include "The Shadow of Desire," which had a great vogue in America, "An Idol's Passion," a prose poem, "The Chant of a Lonely Soul," and "Stories from a Buhl Cabinet," which was published last year. She has recently returned from wintering in Cairo, where she wrote a number of Egyptian sketches which are to appear this autumn, illustrated by Mr. W. Gordon Mein. In May last "Irene Osgood" was married to Mr. Robert Harborough Sherard, the well-known author and journalist, and is now making her home in England.

"The Diwan of Abu 'l Ala" is the title to be given to a little book that Mr. Henry Baerlein is contributing to Mr. John Murray's popular "Wisdom of the East" Series. Abu 'l Ala has been called the Voltaire and the Heine of the East; he was a Syrian, born forty-four years before Omar Khayyam, and, half blind from small-pox, lived and wrote in a small Syrian village to which his celebrity in due time drew many disciples. To this day his works are prohibited in Turkey. Mr. Baerlein has translated some of the writings of this "wise sceptic" into English verse, and is engaged upon a further book which is to comprise an account of the life and times of Abu 'l Ala, with translations of others of his poems.

Mr. John Ayscough's striking romance of Sicilian

Mr. John Ayscough.

and Southern Italian life, "Marotz," has leaped into a great and growing success in little more than two months from the date of its appearance. The book, which is dedicated by permission to King Oscar, was read in proof by several prominent critics, and enjoyed a sort of private literary reputation before it was published; since its appearance, the author has received divers official felicitations from foreign academies, and a constant stream of epistolary congratulations from distinguished men at home and abroad, and it is now being translated into Norse by Fröken M. Ottesen. Mr. Ayscough spent some seven months in the writing of "Marotz," and was working, last winter and spring, on another and longer novel which is now nearing completion. He is a Yorkshireman, a lieutenant-colonel in the Army, and lives in a lonely manor house by Salisbury Plain.

A third edition is preparing of the Life of John Thadeus Delane, and Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent, the author, asks that publicity may be given to the following: "As there is reason to believe that a large number of unpublished letters from Mr. John Delane (Editor of the *Times* from 1841 to 1877) on questions of political and social interest remain in private hands, Mr. Arthur Dasent would be grateful to the owners for permission to copy them with a view to their incorporation in the next edition of his Life of Delane. Letters, which will be carefully returned, may be addressed to Mr. Dasent at the Dutch House, Hampton-on-Thames, or to Mr. John Murray, 50, Albemarle Street."

I am not surprised to see that Miss Eva Lathbury's brilliant novel, "The People Downstairs," has already gone into a second impression. Miss Lathbury's first story, "Mr. Meyer's Pupil," was declined by several publishers, it seems, on the ground that it was "too clever to be popular," but Messrs. Alston Rivers thought better of the average reader's capacity, and were amply justified of their faith.

"Electricity," a full and scholarly work on the present state of electrical science, written by Mons. L. Poincaré, Officier de l'Instruction Publique in France, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Sisley.

The first instalment of Mr. H. W. Lucy's private reminiscences, "Sixty Years in the Wilderness: Some Passages by the Way," are appearing in the July number of the *Cornhill*. They will run through the magazine for the next six months, and the book will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. in the autumn. Mr. Lucy has been brought into intimate relations with men eminent in literature, politics, art, and the drama during the last thirty years, and supplements his recollections of them with some interesting correspondence.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Rafael Sabatini.**
Author of "The Shame of Motley." (See p. 155.)

"The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal: Its Legends and Symbolism considered in their affinity with certain Mysteries of Initiation and other Traces of a Secret Tradition in Christian Times," by Arthur Edward Waite, will be published shortly by Messrs. Rebman, Limited. Mr. Waite is one of the profoundest and most gifted among modern students of mysticism and a poet of fine imaginative power; his works in verse and prose fill many volumes and include some of the most brilliant and scholarly contributions that have been made in recent years to occult literature.

We are to have this month from the Oxford University Press the first six out of the seventeen volumes of their new and illustrated "Oxford Thackeray" that Professor George Saintsbury is arranging and editing.

Mr. Barry Pain has finished a new novel, the first (apart from one in collaboration) that he has written for some time past. Its title is "The Gifted Family."

A very interesting book that Mr. John Murray is publishing this autumn is "Reminiscences of a Stonemason," the autobiography of a working man. Mr. Turnbull, the author, began life at an unusually early age, and the hours of his labour were excessive, but in spite of these and other disadvantages, he contrived to educate himself and improve his position in the world. He has had a precarious and varied career in England and America, and has much that is valuable to say about labour and life in both countries.

We regret that we omitted to acknowledge in our last issue that the copyright of the engraving from which our presentation plate of "Defoe in the Pillory" was taken is the property of Messrs. Virtue & Co.

The editor's thanks are due to Messrs. Methuen, Messrs. Newnes, and the proprietors of *Vanity Fair* for permission to use the portraits and pictures that illustrate the article on "Winston Churchill, M.P., as a Man of Letters"; to Messrs. Sampson Low in connection with the Doone country pictures; to Mr. John Lane for the drawings and photograph of M. Anatole France; to Mr. W. Holmes for the illustration from "Two Lakeland Townships"; and to Messrs. Macmillan and Mr. John Murray for the portraits of the American Mr. Winston Churchill and of Mrs. Hubbard.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

July 1 to August 1, 1908.

The Clarendon Press.

EGERTON, H. E.—Canada. Part II. (One of the volumes of Historical Geography of the British Colonies; associated with the name of Sir C. P. Lucas.)
HILTON, H.—An Introduction to the Theory of Groups of Finite Order. 14s. net.
Johnson on Shakespeare. Edited with Introduction by Walter Raleigh. (Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry.) 2s. 6d. net.
Virgil. Translated by John Jackson. (Oxford Library of Translations.) 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

BINNS, H. BYRAN.—One Hundred Years of Education. Being the Centenary History of the British and Foreign Schools Society. 5s. net.
LAWRENCE, T. J.—International Problems and The Hague Conferences.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

DAVIS, F. HADLAND.—Letters of Lady Montagu. (King's Treas. Series.) 3s. 6d. net.
MARTIN, J. L.—Teaching of Practical Arithmetic to Junior Classes. Illustrated. 2s. 6d.
RUSKIN, JOHN.—Unto This Last. (King's Treas. Series.) 3s. 6d. net.
The Sesame Booklets. 21 Titles, including Omar Khayyam, "Angel in the House," "Calendar of Thoughts" from Browning, "In Memoriam," etc. 1s. net.

Mr. John Murray.

DELMÉ-RADCLIFFE, LIEUT.-COL., and J. W. LEWIS.—A Territorial Army in Being: A Practical Study of the Military Systems of Switzerland and Norway. Illustrated. With Preface by Earl Roberts, V.C. 2s. 6d. net.
LORIMER, G. H.—Jack Spurlock, Prodigal. 6s.
PATTERSON, J. E.—Fishers of the Sea. 6s.

Messrs. Rebman, Ltd.

ARTHUR, D., M.D., etc., and J. MUIR, M.B., etc.—A Manual of Practical X-Ray Work. About 6s. net.
JAMES, J. BRINDLEY, L.R.C.P., etc.—Death and its Verification. 1s. net.
MELLER, DR. JOSEF.—Ophthalmic Surgery: being a description of the Surgical Operations on the Eyeball and its Appendages as practised at the Clinic of Prof. Fuchs in Vienna. English Edition edited by Dr. W. L. Pyle. About 14s. net.
YATES, LUCY H.—Successful Fruit-Bottling and Jam-Making. About 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Alston Rivers.

ANON.—A London Girl. (The Evergreen Novels.) 1s. net.
BLACKBURN, DOUGLAS.—Leaven: A Black and White Story. 6s.
COLES-FINCH, W. (Engineer to the Chatham Water Works).—Water: Its Origin and Use. Over 150 illustrations. 21s. net.
MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD.—House of Merrilees. (The Evergreen Novels.) 1s. net.
TREVENA, JOHN.—Heather. 6s.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

BAYLIS, BARNARD.—The Voice in Education. 2s. net.
BLACKMORE, R. D.—The Maid of Sker. (New edition.) 2s. 6d.
JANE, F. T.—Fighting Ships, 1908.

Messrs. Skeffington & Co.

HUNT, REV. W. H. (Edited by).—Mission Preaching for a Year. Part IV. (Concluding part.) 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. A. H. Stockwell.

HOOLEY, TERESA M.—The Magic Chariot, and Other Fairy Stories. 1s. 6d. net.
MACKAY, the late REV. A. N., B.A. (of Edinburgh).—Sermons on the After Life. With photo. 1s. net.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

CUNLIFFE, H. J. ST. BENNO.—Catholicism on a Philosophical Basis.
MAUDE, COLONEL F. N., C.B.—The Leipzig Campaign. (Special Campaign Series.) 5s. net.
SMITH, REV. STAFFORD.—Duty and Service. 7d. net.

The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.

CARROLL, LEWIS.—Alice in Wonderland. 2s. 6d.
PERFECT, REV. H. T.—Lady Beauclerc and Socialism. 6s.

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.

BINDLOSS, HAROLD.—The Liberationist. 6s.
FORMAN, JUSTUS MILES.—The Garden of Lies. 1s.
GILCHRIST, MURRAY.—The Abbey Mystery. 6s.
GUNTER, A. C.—'Twixt Sword and Glove. 6d.
HILL, HEADON.—Her Splendid Sin. 6s.
HILL, HEADON.—The Hidden Victim. 6d.
MAGNAY, SIR WM., BART.—The Pitfall. 6s.
MAGNAY, SIR WM., BART.—The Mystery of the Unicorn. 6d.
SMART, HAWLEY.—Cleverly Won. 6d.
WHITE, FRED M.—The Law of the Land. 6s.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor of the Young Authors' Page, "Bookman" Office, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE

JULY, 1908.

THE READER.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

THE notion that no one man can do more than one thing well is a modern fallacy; we are continually being warned not to look for graces of oratory or authorship in the man of action, and that great speakers are hardly ever great writers, nor great writers great speakers. This sounds as if it might be true—almost as if it ought to be, but when you take the trouble to turn it over you will find that it is not so solid as it seems. Certainly Cromwell, a supreme man of action, wrote and spoke very badly; Addison sat dumb in Parliament; Pitt has no place in the catalogue of authors; but, on the other hand, you have to reckon with Sheridan, Burke, Macaulay, Beaconsfield, and if you consider the classics of Greece and Rome you realise that of old it was nothing out of the way for a man of action to be also one of the leading orators of his age, or to record his own doings in immortal prose.

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill combines in his person those diverse and proverbially irreconcilable qualities of the man of action, the orator, and the man of letters, and before he was thirty he had signally distinguished himself in each capacity; for, as Bacon has it, "a man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time," and whatever good things Mr. Churchill may have lost since he took the first step in his remarkable career, time has not been one of them. He was an author and had four books to his credit before he became a Parliamentary candidate; when he took his seat in the House, in 1900, he had achieved a wide reputation as a fighting man, as a brilliant war correspondent, as a military historian, as a novelist; and in less than eight years thereafter he has arrived at the Front Bench in the Commons, and,

> "grown a Minister of State,
> Sees authors at his levee wait!"

But except in a limited and superficial sense, literature knows no politics and is of no party; Mr. A. E. W. Mason and Sir Gilbert Parker may sit on opposite sides of the House, but they stand together on the bookshelf, appeal to the same general reader, are put into the same list of novelists; and our immediate concern is solely with Mr. Winston Churchill as a man of letters.

Born in November 1874, he is, as everybody knows, the eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill; his mother, now Mrs. Cornwallis West, is an American, and it has been plausibly suggested that his precocity, assertiveness, and restless energy are characteristic of his mother's nationality, whilst his "hereditary aptitude for affairs, and the grand style in entering upon them," come to him from his father and are part of the inalienable inheritance that has been handed down to him from his illustrious ancestor, the great Duke of Marlborough. I believe it is Hazlitt who says "there is the climbing *genus* in man as well as in plants," and from his earliest years it has been apparent that he is of this climbing variety, that he was not born to blush unseen, but was destined to make a noise in the world and to rise above his fellows. What he has written of Lord Randolph, in his biography, might be said with equal truth of himself, for he too possesses—

> "the strange quality, unconsciously exerted, and not by any means to be simulated, of compelling attention and getting himself talked about. . . . Each step he took was greeted with a gathering chorus of astonished cries. As Tacitus said of Mucianus: 'Omnium quæ dixerat, feceratque, arte quadam ostentator' (He had the showman's knack of drawing public attention to everything he said or did)."

Mr. Churchill is not a University man; going straight from Harrow to Sandhurst, he entered the Army in 1895, as a Lieutenant of Hussars, and within five years had seen active service in five campaigns. His creed already was that it is better to be a newsmaker than

Photo by E. H. Mills.

Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P.

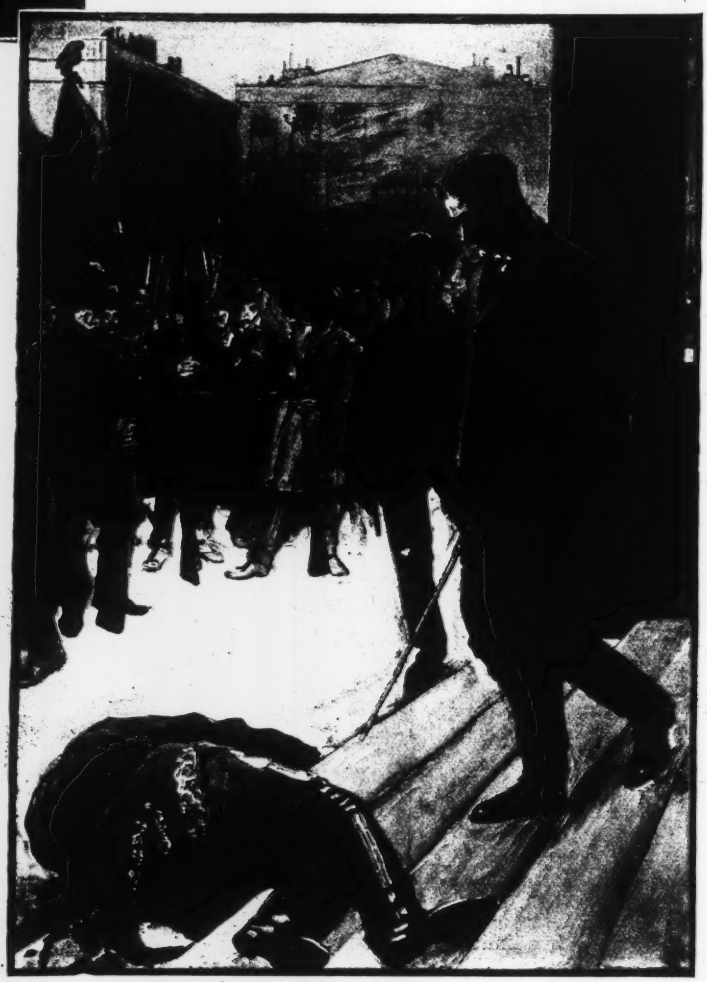
The cover-design of the Cheap Edition of Mr. Winston Churchill's early novel.
By permission of Messrs. G. Newnes, Ltd.

a newsmonger, better to be an actor than a critic; and though he wrote the news and criticised the drama, he had first helped to make the one, and had been on the stage and played a leading part in the other. He went out with the Spanish forces on their last forlorn attempt to subdue the insurrection in Cuba; rode as Sir William Lockhart's orderly officer in the Tirah Expedition; accompanied Sir Bindon Blood's Malakand Field Force in its campaigning on the North-West Frontier of India; was with Kitchener in the Soudan, and with Buller and Roberts through the Boer War.

From each of these campaigns he emerged with distinction; from the last he came back famous. He was mentioned in dispatches; rode in the Lancers' charge at Omdurman; was captured by the Boers, and made a plucky and sensational escape from Pretoria; came down alive from the horrors of Spion Kop; entered Ladysmith with the relieving column, and was present when Pretoria fell.

He has never waited for things to come to him; he has always bestirred himself and gone in search of them. Not content to follow the usual routine of the Army and drill at home in peace, he had obtained leave of absence and hurried off to join the Spanish troops in Cuba as war correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*; again, he had obtained leave of absence when he was in India and his regiment was not ordered to the front, and pushed forward into Malakand as correspondent of the Indian *Pioneer* and the *Daily Telegraph*; and the striking series of letters that he contributed to those newspapers was subsequently gathered together and formed material for his first book, "The Story of the Malakand Field Force," which was published in 1898.

A year later came "The River War; An Historical Account of the Reconquest of the Soudan." To the Soudan, as a result of resolute applications, Mr. Churchill went, attached to the 21st Lancers, and as correspondent for the *Morning Post*; and his book is, as its title indicates, a comprehensive and masterly study of the breakdown and triumphant restoration of British influence in Egypt, the tale of the Mahdi's revolt, of his disastrous success, and of the final smashing of the traditionary power and prestige that had passed from him to the Khalifa. Of its graphic narrative charm, the statesmanlike qualifications it revealed in the author, the breadth and insight of its observation and opinions, its interest and import as history and as



"Antonio Molara lay on the three lowest steps of the entrance of his palace."
(From "Savrola," by permission of Messrs. G. Newnes, Ltd.)

literature, there could be no question; one critic, who is not apt to be easy in his judgments, did not hesitate to pronounce that its writer had come very near to "doing for the Soudan what Kinglake did for the Crimea." He ranges his historical sequence of events simply, forcibly, impartially; he states his own opinions and convictions with the dash and assurance and daring outspokenness that by now we have all learned to expect of him, and he describes what he saw and experienced in the war with a potent imaginative realism that conjures up scenes and people, and makes them live and move to the apprehension of his reader; as with this significant and illuminating little rendering of himself and his sensations during the Lancers' charge at Omdurman:

"The whole scene flickered exactly like a cinematograph picture; and, besides, I remember no sound. The event seemed to pass in absolute silence. The yells of the enemy, the shouts of the soldiers, the firing of many shots, the clashing of sword and spear, were unnoticed by the senses, unregistered by the brain. Several others say the same. Perhaps it is possible for the whole of a man's faculties to be concentrated in the eye, bridle-hand, and trigger-finger, and withdrawn from all other parts of the body."

Mr. Churchill has been frequently compared with the young Disraeli, and suspected of taking him as a model; Mr. Stead has found in him a likeness to "Coningsby in his youth, Coningsby in his ambition, Coningsby, to a certain extent, in his personal appearance." But if Mr. Churchill has tried to model himself

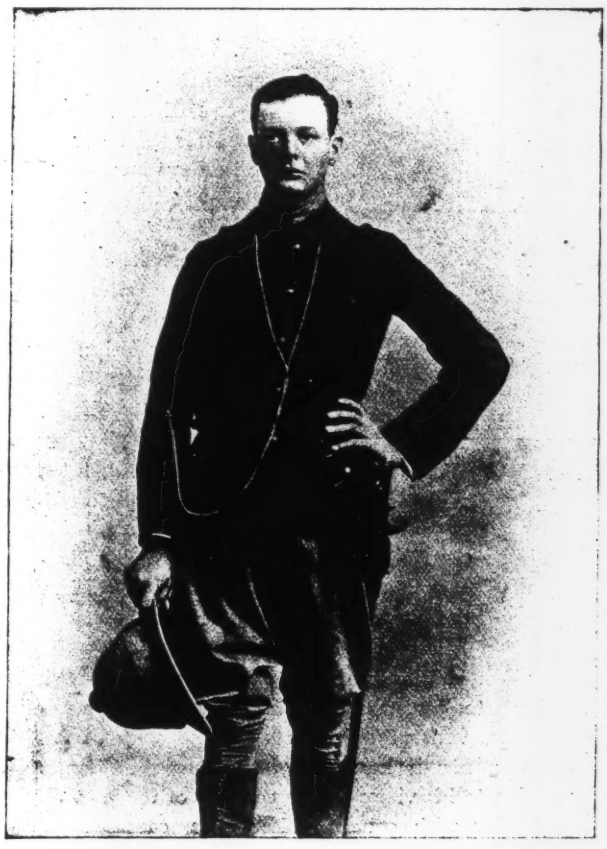


Photo by Heyman & Co., Cairo.

Lieutenant Winston S. Churchill, attached to 21st Lancers.

Photo by Walery, Ltd.

Lieutenant Winston S. Churchill 4th Hussars.

on the youthful Disraeli, he has put too much vigour into his attempt and broken the mould and altered the pattern beyond recognition; he is nothing of the Society dandy; he is no cynic; no sphinx; and his military and journalistic exploits have been marked by a robust roughness and strenuousness that have nothing in common with the genteel dilettantisms of Disraeli.

In 1900 he published his first and, so far, his only novel, "Savrola," of which, by the way, Messrs. Newnes have just issued a sixpenny reprint. It was written three years earlier, and appeared serially in *Macmillan's*; it is not even a Disraelian novel, but rather one of the school that Mr. George Meredith founded and Mr. Anthony Hope has taken over and carried on so successfully, only that it is less romantic, more realistic than stories of that school are apt to be, comes to closer grip with actual problems of modern life, and has a high seriousness of its own. Its scenes are laid in an imaginary Republic whose President, ambitious and unscrupulous, is rapidly developing into a despot, and Savrola is the popular leader of the reform party. The President has rigorously and brutally repressed a threatened riot by promptly shooting down the people in the street, and Savrola, who had hoped to mend matters by constitutional methods, sees that he is bent upon a *coup d'état*, and that the time has come to yield to the importunities of the more fiery of his supporters and resort to force, but he keeps his head and resolutely curbs the impatience of his friends until everything is in readiness and the right hour has struck.

A man of lofty ideals, a humanitarian, a scornfully

incorruptible politician, Savrola is also an eloquent orator who can play upon the sentiments and passions of an audience as skilfully as a musician can upon his instrument; he is an autocratic, not a passionate lover; he is cool and diplomatic enough always to hold his enthusiasms in leash, but he can be as heroic as the most reckless when there is nothing more to be gained by waiting or by caution. I share the general impression that Savrola is the shadow of his creator, that Mr. Churchill has endowed him with the doubts, the dreams, the aspirations and something of the philosophy that are in reality his own. He has lived his life as if he believed in the commonsense gospel that Savrola propounds to his lieutenant, Moret:

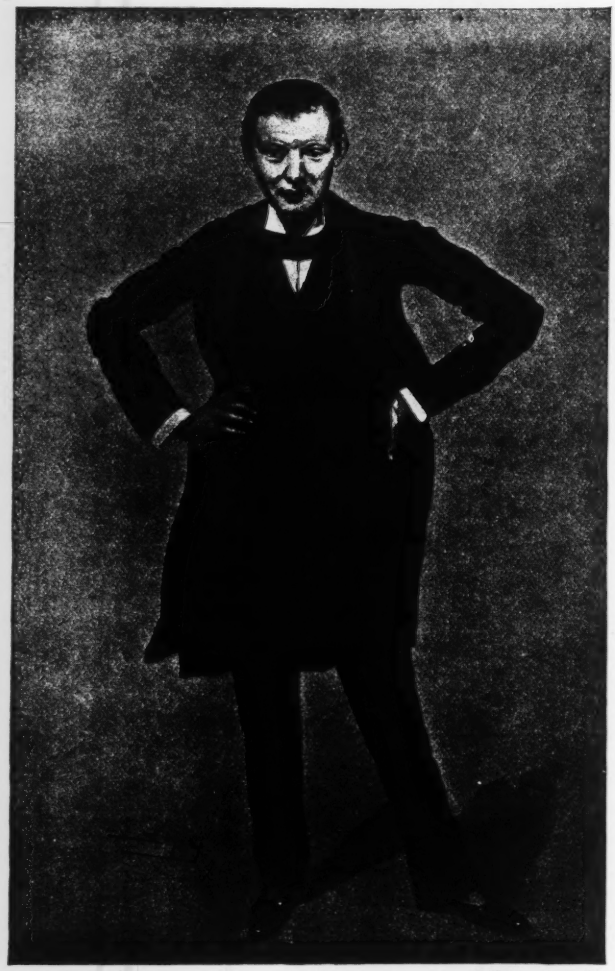
"'Remember that we pay for every pleasure and every triumph we have in this world . . . . and for all the good things in life men pay in advance. The principles of sound finance apply.'

"'How do you mean?' asked Moret.

"'Would you rise in the world? You must work while others amuse themselves. Are you desirous of a reputation for courage? You must risk your life. Would you be strong morally or physically? You must resist temptations. All this is paying in advance; that is prospective finance. Observe the other side of the picture; the bad things are paid for afterwards.'

"'Not always.'

"'Yes, as surely as the headache of Sunday morning follows the debauch of Saturday night, as an idle youth is requited by a barren age, as a gluttonous appetite promotes an ungainly paunch.'"



"Winston."

By kind permission of "Vanity Fair."

Again, you seem to have glimpses of the man behind the shadow when Savrola is preparing his great speech, finding life—"how unreal, how barren, and yet how fascinating!" and feeling that "his brain contained the cards he had to play and the world the stakes he played for"; and more especially, perhaps, when he has come home tired after an anxious day, and sits brooding in his study among his books:

"Yes, it had been a long day and a gloomy day. He was a young man, only thirty-two, but already he felt the effects of work and worry. His nervous temperament could not fail to be excited by the vivid scenes through which he had lately passed, and the repression of his emotion only heated the inward fire. Was it worth it? The struggle, the labour, the constant rush of affairs, the sacrifice of so many things that make life easy or pleasant—for what? A people's good! That, he could not disguise from himself, was rather the direction than the cause of his efforts. Ambition was the motive force, and he was powerless to resist it. He could appreciate the delights of an artist, a life devoted to the search for beauty, or of sport, the keenest pleasure that leaves no sting behind. To live in dreamy quiet and philosophic calm in some beautiful garden, far from the noise of men and with every diversion that art and intellect could suggest, was, he felt, a more agreeable picture. And yet he knew that he could not endure it. 'Vehement, high, and daring,' was his cast of mind. The life he lived was the only one he could ever live; he must go on to the end. The end comes often early to such men, whose spirits are so wrought that they know rest only in action, contentment only in danger, and in confusion find their only peace."

In the same year with "Savrola" was published "London to Ladysmith, *via* Pretoria," and "Ian Hamilton's March," the two books that, including and supplementing his South African war correspondence to the *Morning Post*, made Mr. Churchill's name a household word from end to end of the country; wherever you went in those days he was a subject of discussion, of eulogy and detraction; there were the usual armchair oracles who sneered and ridiculed, of course, but the multitude was taken with the dash and go and enterprise with which he had plunged headlong into danger, and filled a glamorous and perilous part in some of the most stirring incidents of the war. He was a well-known journalist already, but now he woke one morning to find himself a famous and a popular one, and a national hero, to boot.

It is a gallant and a memorable story, his of the Boer War, and he has narrated his personal share in it with gusto, joyously, straightforwardly, picturesquely, honestly, without mock-modesty and without boastfulness; nor is he diffident about giving frank expression to his views on the conduct of the war, about discussing with equal frankness its causes and the personal behaviour of those on the spot whose future hopes and prosperity hung on the success of the British

arms. It is very characteristic, too, that though he sailed to the Cape a believer in the necessity of the war, and with a rooted prejudice against the Boer that amounted almost to contempt, he came back glorying in England's victory, but, in spite of some rough handling he had received from him, with all his prejudice against the beaten enemy uprooted, his dislike turned to a generous admiration, his contempt of him into respect and regard because of the simple sincerity and uprightness he had found in him; one of the most hauntingly pathetic touches in "London to Ladysmith" occurs in a strong, poignant little sketch of the homely, sternly earnest-looking, grey-haired old Boer whom he paused to look down on as he lay dead, with his rifle in his hands, on one of the battlefields. This courageous readiness to discard a mistaken opinion, as soon as he has been nearer to the matter and discovered his mistake, leads those who have merely acquired their opinions pretty much as they acquired their baptismal names to charge Mr. Churchill with instability and inconsistency, but to any one who stops to think about it, it is one of the finest and manliest traits in his character.

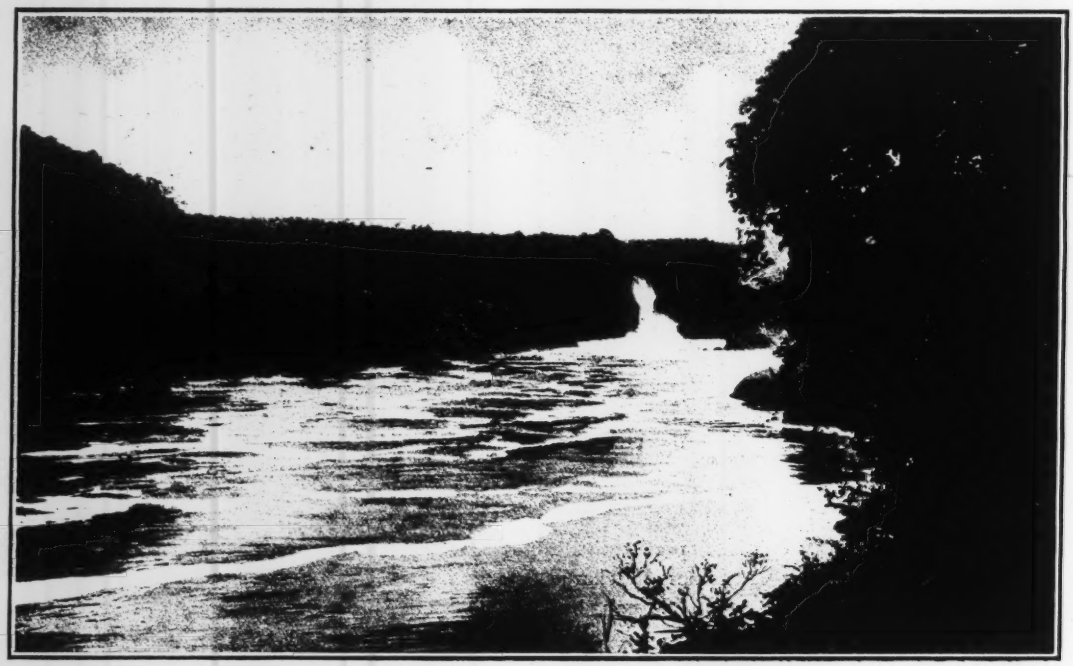
In all which, let me emphasise, I am referring essentially to the man, and his innate disposition, and in no way to his politics; not to Mr. Winston Churchill, the Liberal M.P. for Dundee and President of the Board of Trade, but to the brilliant author whose literary power, as his biographer Mr. MacCallum Scott has said, "is as native and spontaneous as his speech," and of whom so notable an authority as Mr. H. W. Massingham has written: "At his best, no living Englishman can write better or speak better than Mr. Churchill. He takes rank with the masters." Here, as I began by saying, I have no concern with Mr. Churchill's public life, nor with his political aims and character; for the glowing romance of this, and a masterly study and analysis of those, you must turn to Mr. MacCallum Scott's biography of him. Issued in 1905, it had a very large sale and has only now been allowed to go out of print because a new and revised edition is in preparation; facts which sufficiently testify to the general interest in Mr. Churchill's magnetic personality and to the ability of his biographer.

During the six years after his first election into the House of Commons, Mr. Churchill wrote that biography of his father, Lord Randolph, which, judged either as literature or as a contribution to modern history, is probably the ablest and most important of his books. Here, as in all he has written, the style is the man: virile, eager, emphatic, impetuous in utterance, but deliberate in judgment. He writes as he speaks, racily, vividly, rising to heights of glowing eloquence, flecking his pages with humour and irony, handling facts and figures lightly, luminously, attractively, going down, at need, to dead levels of everyday affairs and making them live wherever he touches them. His style is amazingly sensitive and flexible; familiar, dignified, lively, serious by turns, it keeps always to the changing level of its argument with an apparently effortless ease that is the perfection of narrative art. When there is some master-stroke of Parliamentary tactics, some popular triumph of action or oratory to be recorded, you feel the pride and vigour and elation of that triumph pulsing in the language that tells of it; but nothing could be more quietly restrained, plainer, more simply matter-of-fact, than the unemotional terms in which the tragedy of Lord Randolph's closing days are set down, and nothing more dramatically and poignantly effective.

One outcome of Mr. Churchill's recent holiday tour in Africa—which was really an official tour in disguise—

Photo by Elliott & Fry

The Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P.



The Murchison Falls from Fajao.

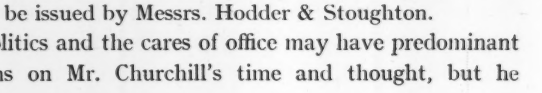
A bit of the country through which Mr. Winston Churchill passed in his African wanderings.

is the story of his travel experiences and adventures that is at present running serially in the *Strand Magazine*. Starting from Mombasa, he journeyed up the long stretch of the Uganda Railway, and, in passing, relates succinctly and pictorially something of the chequered and splendid progress of that unique line:

"Nearly ten thousand pounds a mile were expended upon its construction, and so eager were all parties to be done with it and its expense that, instead of pursuing its proper and natural route across the plateau to the deep waters of Port Victoria, it fell by the way into the shallow gulf of Kavirondo, lucky to get so far. It is easy to censure, it is impossible not to criticise, the administrative mistakes and miscalculations which tarnished and nearly marred a brilliant conception. But it is still more easy, as one traverses in forty-eight hours countries which ten years ago would have baffled the toilsome marches of many weeks, to underrate the difficulties in which unavoidable ignorance and astonishing conditions plunged the pioneers. The British art of 'muddling through' is here seen in one of its finest expositions. Through everything—through the forests, through the ravines, through troops of marauding lions, through famine, through war, through five years of excoriating Parliamentary debate, muddled and marched the railway, and here, at last, in some more or less effective fashion, is it arrived at its goal."

Ascending this storied railway, "from the sea to the lake," Mr. Churchill describes the vast, little-known country that unrolled itself before him—the villages, towns, and the white and black peoples amidst whom he sojourned by the way, the big-game shooting to which he gave his leisure, with all the colour and dash and picturesqueness that are the unfailing attributes of his pen; he has views of his own on the social, racial, and economic problems of Africa, and states them boldly. The articles are being followed with immense interest from month to month in the *Strand Magazine*, and will form the basis of Mr. Churchill's new book, "An African Journey," that is to be issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Politics and the cares of office may have predominant claims on Mr. Churchill's time and thought, but he



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beloning wil(geloofd door
de Sub. Commissie van Wijk V
voor den Specialen Constabel
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Churchill
levend of dood te dezen kantore
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Namens de Sub-Comm
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Lodde Haas
Sec.

THE ORIGINAL PROCLAMATION POSTED ON THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PRETORIA, ON THE ESCAPE OF MR. CHURCHILL.

Translation.

£25

(Twenty-five pounds stg.) REWARD is offered by the Sub-Commission of the Fifth Division, on behalf of the Special Constable of the said Division, to anyone who brings the escaped prisoner of war

CHURCHILL

dead or alive to this office.

For the Sub-Commission of the Fifth Division,
(Signed) LODK. DE HAAS, *Sec.*

was a man of letters before he was a Cabinet Minister, the literary instinct is still prevailingly alive in him, and his plans for the future are not bounded entirely by the Parliamentary horizon. For many men his arduous and anxious political activities would be more than a sufficient occupation, but he is a man of extraordinary energies and industry, and more systematic and plodding than his restless, highly nervous temperament would lead one to expect. He is an early riser, and at work every morning by seven o'clock, he is a good sportsman, and fond of polo, but before all he is a good worker, with "the infinite capacity for taking pains," a gift for mastering detail, an ardour and enthusiasm for doing thoroughly whatever he puts his hand to. Though for lack of leisure he is not what bookmen would consider a great reader, he has a true taste and feeling for what is best in literature and a large acquaintance with it, as any one may know who has been privileged to look through the contents of his excellent, well-used library; and, indeed, in my secret heart I am convinced that it is this literary strain in his blood, his quick susceptibility to the broadening, humanising influences of literature, that largely helped to make him and, amidst all the inevitable bickerings and bitterness of party strife, helps to keep him still "truly lovable in character, without a touch of the politician's vices of malice, envy, uncharitableness."

THE STORY OF THE DOONES.

By H. SNOWDEN WARD,
Editor of the Doone-Land Edition of "Lorna Doone."

THE story of the Doones is, in one sense, a fragment of a common tale, partly history, partly legend, that belongs to every land which has developed from the ill-organised, small-tribal system, through a period of chivalry to a time of law and order. The story changes its place-names, its details, and its heroes. As it becomes old, its William of Cloudeslee and its Robin Hood are elevated almost into demi-gods; as it takes new life from local accretions, we hear more of the human, treacherous, cruel side—as in the moorland story of the Doones. The story-teller of the common people dearly loves a bold bandit, just as the school-boy prefers to play the outlaw's part in his game of "police and robbers." There is the need to make the story gruesome, so that the hearers' flesh may creep, but there is also the wish to make the bandit play the part of hero, that the blood may tingle and the sympathy and enthusiasm be excited.

Again, in dealing with a history-legend, the race-feeling of its preservers must always be considered, if one is to attempt to separate the fact from the fiction. Comparing the story given to us by Blackmore, of the Doones, with the other version of the same story given by Halliwell Sutcliffe of the Carless family in "Ricroft of Withens," we see not only the widely different personalities of the authors, but also the different influences of the two moorlands and the two breeds of moor-folk. Blackmore, somewhat slow, somewhat ponderous, but always beautiful of language and rich in the description of scenery, wanders through stories of rapine and slaughter with a nonchalance and patience characteristic of the wide rolling moors and the sturdy, unexcitable people. Sutcliffe's story, with less time for beauties, bustles through stress and storm, and revels in fight, as the rugged rocks of millstone grit rear their heads boldly against wild weather. Through all the growth of the Doone story, as through the development of its Yorkshire analogue, it has been modified by the temperament of a people, and one reason why the story appealed to Blackmore and why his treatment of it was such a success was his identification with that local temperament. The Doone story was invaluable to the author because he was of the folk of whom it was a typical product.

"The head of a deep, green valley, carved from out the mountains in a perfect oval, with a fence of sheer rock standing round it, eighty feet or a hundred high, from whose brink black wooded hills swept up to the sky-line."
(From "Lorna Doone," Edited by H. Snowden Ward.)

"The 'Ironing-Box,' as the triangle of turf is called, where the two causeways coming from the school-porch and the hall-porch meet, and our fights are mainly celebrated."

"It is not a very large piece of ground in the angle of the causeways, but quite big enough to fight upon, especially for Christians, who love to be cheek by jowl at it."

(From "Lorna Doone," Edited by H. Snowden Ward.)

marvel is that they were not discovered, pictured—and perhaps even boomed—long ago. We are pretty sure that Blackmore heard the stories from his grandfather, who lived at Court Barton, close to Parracombe (old) church. In the preface to "Tales from the Telling House," Blackmore says:

"Sometimes of a night, when the spirit of a dream flits away for a waltz with the shadow of a pen, over dreary moors and dark waters, I behold an old man, with a keen profile, under a parson's shovel hat, riding a tall chestnut horse up the western slope of Exmoor,

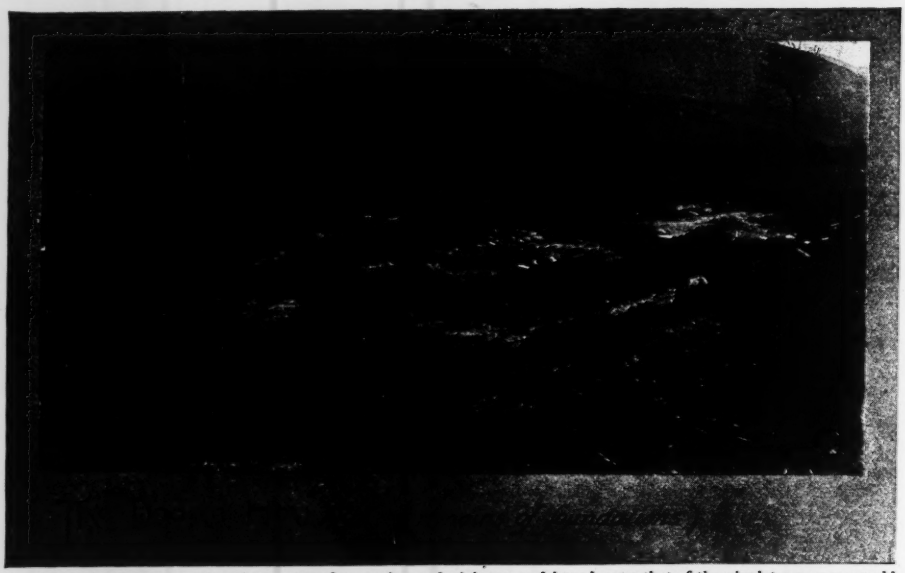
"Now Mr. Faggus was my second cousin, and an honour to the family, . . . of great renown on the highway, from Barum town even to London."

"By trade he had been a blacksmith in the town of Northmolton, in Devonshire, a rough rude place at the end of Exmoor; so that many people marvelled if such a man was bred there."

(From "Lorna Doone," Edited by H. Snowden Ward.)

followed by his little grandson upon a shaggy and stuggy pony.

"In the hazy folds of the lower hills, some four or five miles behind them, may be seen the ancient Parsonage, where the lawn is a russet sponge of moss and a stream tinkles under the dining-room floor."



"Deep in the quiet valley there, away from noise, and violence, and brawl, save that of the rivulet, any man would have deemed them homes of simple mind and innocence. Yet not a single house stood there but was the home of murder."
(From "Lorna Doone," Edited by H. Snowden Ward.)

This same preface introduces John Fry, suggesting that the real original of that character in "Lorna Doone" came

As my wife and I have worked at the topographical side of "Lorna Doone," one of our most pleasant incidents has been the finding of the places where Blackmore undoubtedly first heard the Doone stories, and as both the houses offer good farm-house lodgings, we have spent pleasant days in them. There was no particular difficulty about finding these places; the only

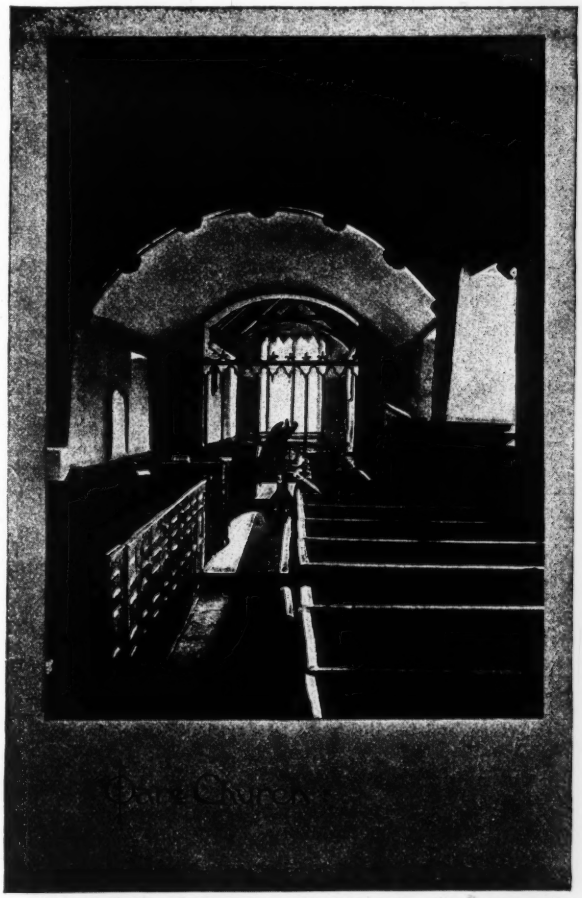
from the Parracombe side, and not from Oare. But Blackmore knew Oare very well, too, as a boy, for his grandfather, in that day of pluralities, held the living, and any one who knows such scraps of the author's life as are accessible, who is intimate with "Lorna Doone," and who knows the moor-country well, must conclude that Blackmore knew both the legends and their scenes as a boy. The old parsonage of Oare, now the Parsonage Farm, is a headquarters for a few fisherfolk who accept the courtesy of Mr. Nicholas Snow's waters where the Lyn stream falls into Badgery, and for certain summer visitors who love the breezy rolling uplands. There, without doubt, Blackmore heard the Doone tales.

The original Doone stories are preserved for us, exactly as they were told in 1839, in a manuscript book containing "The Legend of de Wichehalse," "Legends of the Doones of Badgeworthy," and "Legend of Faggus and his Strawberry Horse." Almost all the incidents in these tales are included in "Lorna Doone," so that we may be sure Blackmore had access to the book (a number of old MS. copies still exist) or to some one who knew its contents intimately. In the Introduction to the Doone-Land Edition I have been able to quote these stories in full, from the MS. owned by the Rev. J. F. Chanter, and made for his father in 1839. Doone tales are to be found in Cooper's "Guide to Lynton," 1853; in "The Chase of the Red Deer," by Dr. Collyns, 1862; in "A Dull Day on Exmoor," by James Payn, 1853; in *Fraser's Magazine*, October, 1857, and in "The Doones of Exmoor," a serial running through eight numbers of *The Leisure Hour* in 1863. These facts are a full answer to those who contended that Blackmore's story was pure invention.

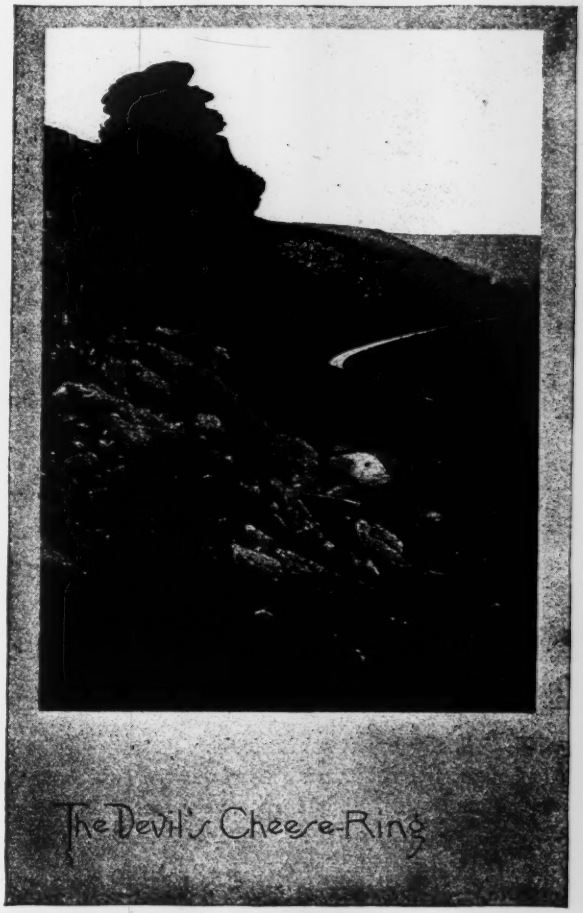
The principal Doone and Faggus incidents of "Lorna Donne" are all to be found in local legend; while "girt Jan Ridd" is remembered as a very strong man who fought with robbers and who beat them with a branch dragged from a tree. Even a suggestion of the great snowstorm is to be found in many references to snow amongst the legends—robbers tracked in snow, farmers turned out to die in the snow, and eventually the last two lingering descendants of the Doones dying in the snow at the beginning of the last century. There is even local basis for the small incident of the changing of young Ensie Doone's name to Ensie Jones, for there are still Joneses in a village south of Parracombe who are said to be of this descent.

The plot of the story is entirely Blackmore's own, and we can find no trace of a legendary original for Lorna, though the author says in his preface to the first edition in 1869:

"any son of Exmoor . . . cannot fail to call to mind the



"Everybody in our parish who could walk at all, or hire a boy and a wheelbarrow, ay, and half the folk from Countisbury, Brendon, and even Lynmouth, was and were to be found that Sunday, in our little Church of Oare. People . . . flocked in their very best clothes, to see a lady Doone go to church." (From "Lorna Doone," Edited by H. Snowden Ward.)



"From the inland side and the elbow of the valley, a queer old pile of rock arises, bold behind one another, and quite enough to affright a man, if it were only ten times larger. This is called the 'Devil's Cheese-Ring.'"
(From "Lorna Doone," Edited by H. Snowden Ward.)

"Widow Fisher took out this gun, and not caring much what became of her, she laid it upon the window-sill . . . and let the muzzle out on the slope. Presently five or six fine young Doones came dancing a reel betwixt her and the flaming rick. Upon which she pulled the trigger with all the force of her thumb, and a quarter of a pound of duck-shot went out with a blaze on the dancers."

(From "Lorna Doone," Edited by H. Snowden Ward.)

nurse-tales of his childhood . . . the beauty of the hapless maid brought up in the midst of them."

If this part of the nurse-tale ever existed, it seems to have been forgotten.

To-day, in answer to inquiries from "Lunnon-folk," the natives seem strangely ignorant of the Doone stories. I have found that they still exist, remembered from a time before the publication of "Lorna," and that there are even some very interesting old details which were not used by Blackmore. But it is nearly forty years since "Lorna Doone" was published, and most of the moor-folk who know anything of the story know it as being written by "a gen'leman up to Lunnon." Even those who really know the old legends may easily be questioned without much result, because they do not fully understand the language of the questioner, and also because the Doone name seems to have dropped out of the old traditions, which speak of "robbers" only. Thus, the more one presses an old native about Doones the more he is driven into his hazy recollections of what some one has told him (for few have read the book) about Blackmore's romance. If one refers to "robbers in th' old days, over to Badgery," the result may be very different. The uncorrupted memories of the legends are only to be found amongst the very old inhabitants, and not amongst the coach-drivers and others with whom the tourist most freely comes into contact, but they do still linger.

And if they did not? If Blackmore's story were pure invention, if no Doones had existed in history or tradition before he wrote of them, they would be none the less real to us. They mean much more than do thousands of characters in history. They people one of the finest upland countries to be found anywhere, and they have taken thousands of wearied, *blasé* town-dwellers to renew their lives in touch with a gracious land and a hearty, homely folk.

Blackmore has done one small disservice to the West Countree and to those he has led to visit it—in exaggerating the fearsomeness of the water-slide, the embattled inaccessibility of the Doone Glen. The tripper, who gives three days to "doing" half a county, is liable to be disappointed. But the lover of nature who can give the time to living for days or weeks amongst the moors and glens, and thus breathe in the subtle, elusive, ever-changing, ever-alluring charm of Exmoor, will have naught but thanks for Blackmore and for the Doone-folk who led him to that Western land.

NOTES OF A BOOKBUYER.

"HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR."

BY CLAUDIUS CLEAR

IN a Bristol secondhand book-shop the other week I bought ten volumes of *Hogg's Instructor* bound in five volumes for 8s. 6d. It was a very reasonable price. With the contents of the magazine I had been long familiar, for my father was a subscriber, and the old numbers were often turned over in the household. My first volume is dated 1848, and it is described as Volume I., New Series. It seems as if there must have been a previous series, but of this I have been able to find no copies whatever. In 1848 and up till the end of 1853, *Hogg's Weekly Instructor* was conducted on almost the same lines as *Chambers's Journal*—that is, the paper appeared weekly at three-halfpence a number, and the weekly parts were collected into a monthly magazine. I fancy the sales were principally those of the monthly magazine. *Chambers's Journal* long ago

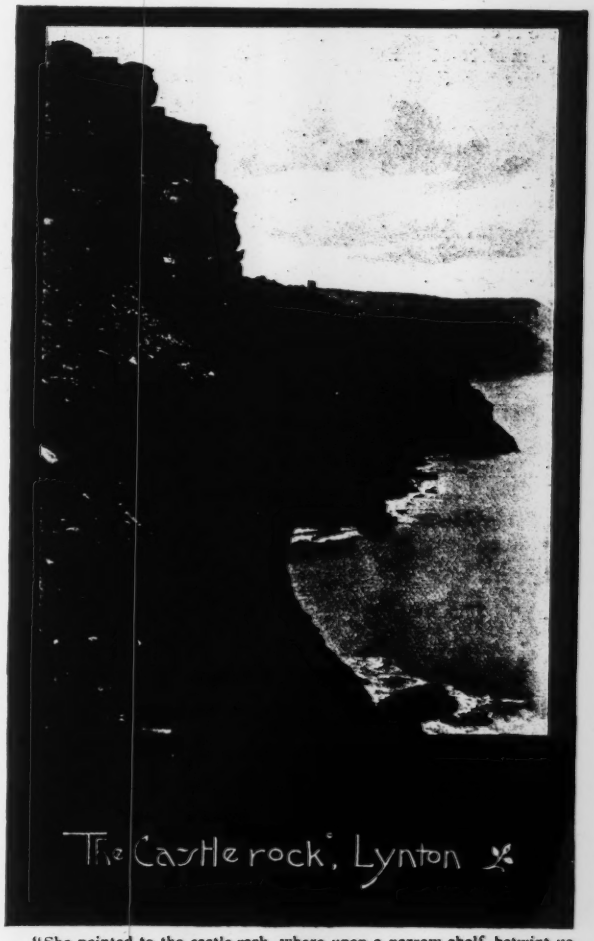
gave up weekly publication. The differences between *Chambers's Journal* and *Hogg's Instructor* are easily enumerated. In the first place, *Hogg's Instructor* gave some place to religious articles and sketches, while *Chambers's* always eschewed these subjects. In the second place, *Hogg's Instructor* published the names of contributors much more freely than *Chambers's*. In the third place, for a long time at least every monthly part of *Hogg* contained a steel engraving of some famous author. These engravings, or some of them, have now a certain value. It must be said also that *Hogg's Instructor* though by no means devoid of merit, was not so skilfully edited as *Chambers's*, and consequently never so prosperous.

Mr. James Hogg, who started the *Instructor*, lived till March 1888, when he died at the age of eighty-two. He was, then, a man of about forty when he started the magazine. He was apprenticed to James Muirhead, printer and proprietor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, and after his apprenticeship he was in the employment of various printers, and then became reader of the *Caledonian Mercury*, a post he held until he started in business on his own account in Edinburgh. The first book he published was a "Narrative of some Passages in the History of Eenoolooapik," the first Esquimo who visited this country; he was brought to Aberdeen by Captain Penny, in the *Neptune*, in 1839. The "Narrative" was written by Dr. Alexander Macdonald, afterwards one of the surgeons of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and was published in 1841. These particulars I take from the *Athenæum* of March 24, 1888. The notice, which is evidently authorised, goes on to say:

"In 1845 Mr. Hogg started the *Instructor*, which was continued for a period of fifteen years, and subsequently *Titan*, a monthly magazine. Mr. Hogg's sons were in partnership with him for many years, and the firm (which had removed from Edinburgh to London, and was dissolved in 1868) published several successful books for children, and made a great hit with *London Society*, which was edited by James Hogg, jun., whose conception it was. Mr. Hogg was all but blind during the last years of his life."

From this it appears that there must have been three volumes of the *Instructor* which I have not seen. But I have seen the second series when the magazine was published at a shilling and had many signed articles. I have also seen two or three numbers of *Titan*, which was published at 2s. 6d., and was hopeless from the first. After all, a periodical that lives fifteen years does not do badly, and during its existence the *Instructor* had the services of some remarkable men—by far the most eminent of these was Thomas De Quincey.

De Quincey's connection with James Hogg came to be of signal importance, for it was through Hogg that De Quincey was induced to prepare a collected edition of his works. De Quincey went to Hogg's out-of-the-way premises at Canonmills in the vicinity of Edinburgh, asked for Hogg, and told him that he was pleased with the *Instructor*, and would like to become an occasional contributor. Hogg was naturally much flattered, and the contribution which De Quincey drew from the capacious inner pocket of his coat was there and then accepted. The acquaintance which began then ripened into an intimacy which was unbroken until De Quincey's last hour. Mr. Hogg proved an honourable and judicious friend to De Quincey, helping him in many pecuniary difficulties. The labours in connection with the collected works proved so great that De Quincey dropped most of his old literary connections. De Quincey had been very unfortunate with his publishers. From the various editions of the "Confessions" in their original form he received no payment. The representatives of the publishers of the *London Magazine* claimed absolute copyright in his contributions. Mr. Hogg found that the claim was baseless, and so the collected works, under the title "Selections Grave and Gay," began to appear. In 1857 Mr. Hogg purchased the copyright of seven volumes. I have always regretted that in their current form and under the careful editorship of the late Professor Masson, the old arrangement has been departed from. After all, the arrangement was the work of De Quincey himself, and not lightly to be put aside. So the bookbuyer is wise if he prefers Hogg's edition to any other. It must be admitted that Hogg's



"She pointed to the castle-rock, where upon a narrow shelf, betwixt us and the coming stars, a bitter fight was raging."
(From "Lorna Doone," Edited H. Snowden Ward.)

edition is not so complete as its successor, but there is no complete edition of De Quincey, and it is not likely there ever will be. His Life and Letters were prepared by Dr. A. H. Japp, and I have a new edition thoroughly revised and re-arranged with additional matter published by Mr. John Hogg in 1890. This is comparatively well known. But I have met very few who know the volumes "De Quincey Memorials: being Letters and other Records here first published, with Communications from Coleridge, the Wordsworths, Hannah More, Professor Wilson and others. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Narrative by Alexander H. Japp, LL.D.," two volumes, published by Mr. Heinemann in 1901. There is a great deal of curious matter in these volumes, though unfortunately they have no index, and are thus difficult to consult. One passage gives De Quincey's view of Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë:

"The Brontës, meaning the girls, had some very noble features in their characters, but not many that were amiable. The males of the family were scamps. Think of this—the elder scamp (Papa, I mean) always dined alone, like the savages in so many regions, and even Mahometan Barbarians, whose wives eat apart from (or perhaps after) their tyrants. Now what excuse did the 'leathery Herr Papa' make for this practice? Why (says Mrs. Gaskell) his stomach being peculiarly delicate, it became requisite that he should not be tempted away by a wider and miscellaneous choice from his own simple diet. Simple!—So then his daughters no doubt had a luxurious—a tempting—table! Now elsewhere it comes out—that these poor girls, who through life were models of self-denying abstinence, had mere plain potatoes for dinner, without any animal accompaniment, and I believe without any seasoning or sauce. Condiment is pedantic. One after one, in regular succession the three younger girls—1. Charlotte, 2. Emily, 3. Anne—were turned out of doors to get their own bread in a far worse service, to my thinking, than that of a housemaid: for surely it is better by much to go down on one's knees to scour the front door-steps, with the prospect at night of creeping to an undisturbed bed, in humble respectability, than to make one in a crowd of most vulgar Belgian girls; generally vicious, inquisitive, scandalous, spiteful, silly, and ignoble, gathered into one huge dormitory."

Hogg's Instructor for 1850 contains a good engraving of Christopher North, the best I have seen. The accompanying article is by De Quincey, and commences characteristically:

"There are many Newtons in England: yet for all that there is but one Newton for earth and the children of earth, which Newton is Isaac, and Kepler is his prophet. There are many Wilsons in Scotland, and indeed many out of Scotland, yet for all that mother earth and her children recognise but one, which one sits in the Edinburgh Chair of Moral Philosophy."

The conclusion is:

"With this brief sketch of one who walks in the fashion of man the most memorable and original that has adorned our memorable and original age, we conclude by saying in a spirit of simplicity and fidelity to the truth that from Professor Wilson's papers in *Blackwood*, but above all from his meditative examinations of great poets, Greek and English, may be formed a florilegium of thoughts the most profound and the most gorgeously illustrated that exist in the human composition."

Another very active contributor was George Gilfillan. Gilfillan's Galleries of Literary Portraits had a place of their own in the critical literature of last century, and should not be quite forgotten. Many of them were contributed to the *Instructor*. In addition Gilfillan, who was then a kind of literary oracle to young men, wrote occasional articles under the title "A Bundle of Books," in which he noticed works sent to him by their authors. He was evidently on very cordial terms with Longfellow, who was in the habit of sending him whatever he wrote. Only a few of those whose early promise was hailed by George Gilfillan are remembered now. Even Bulwer Lytton, with whom he maintained a friendly alliance, has now fallen back from the front rank. People do not actively discuss in these days whether Bulwer Lytton was a greater novelist than Dickens or Thackeray.

A third notable contributor to the *Instructor* used the pseudonym "Abel Log." His first book was "Whitlings from the West," an exceedingly graphic account of travels in Canada in the late 'forties. This appeared in *Hogg's Instructor*, and I wonder that no one has ever reprinted it. Perhaps the Canadians are too busy with present developments to spend much time on their past. When the third series of the *Instructor* was started about 1853, Abel Log contributed a story, "Memoranda of a Modern Officer," which ran for some years. It was republished by Mr. John Hogg more than twenty years ago under the title "Adventures of Maurice Drummore," but was not so successful as it deserved to be—perhaps in part because the author revised it too severely. If I am not wholly mistaken, "Abel Log" might have done great things as a novelist, but he became a clergyman, and I saw him twenty years ago in his little church at Hope, near Ludlow. He was partly paralysed then, and his powers were failing. He did not wholly cease writing after he went into the Church. Some books from him appeared under the pseudonym "Lindon Meadows," but his early work was by far his best. "Abel Log" was the pseudonym of the Rev. C. B. Greatrex.

I have received the New Zealand *Times* of Saturday, April 25. In the well-informed literary causerie, the writer refers to my article "A Prototype of Sam Weller." I am much obliged to him for pointing out that I have neglected to draw attention to that odd word "fantigue," which Theodore Hook puts into the mouth of Robinson:

"Now, 'fanteeg' is used on more than one occasion in 'The Pickwick Papers,' readers of which immortal work will remember that when Sam Weller was despatched in pursuit of Winkle (who was flying from the equally frightened Dowler) he chaffed the Pickwickian sportsman upon being 'an amiably disposed young man, sir, I don't think, to go inwolving our precious governor in all sorts of fanteegs ven he 'as made up his mind to go through everythink for

principle.' Commenting upon this, that erudite Dickensian, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in his 'Pickwick Cyclopædia,' remarks:

"'The meaning of "Fanteegs" has been much debated. Dr. Murray, the editor of the English Dictionary, has furnished an explanation, and Professor Skeat has also discussed it: Fanteague, a worry or bustle; also ill humour. Halliwell: "To be in a fanteague" or "in a fanteeg," *i.e.* a state of excitement, is a familiar expression (though is it so familiar?). Fanteegs means worries or troubles. It is clearly from fanatique, *i.e.* "made frantick, in a frenzy, out of his little wits." Cotgrave: "Hence it is allied to frantic." I doubt, however, adds Mr. Fitzgerald, if Sam meant troubles or worries—it was rather embarrassments. It is a good word and might be more used.'

"THE BOOKMAN article is worth cutting out and pasting into one's copy of 'Pickwick.'"

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the six best quotations in verse or prose in which the author makes reference to his own calling.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to MISS GODLEY, Fonthill, Chapelizod, Co. Dublin.

THE HATE FLAME. BY PERCY BARRON.

"Yet from those flames no light, but rather darkness visible."
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

Other quotations submitted were:

A SUBURBAN SCANDAL. BY GURNER GILLMAN.

"If there's anything in which I shine,
'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs."—BYRON, *Don Juan.*

(Miss Lily Calvert, Montalbo Terrace, West Hartlepool.)

THE SWORD DECIDES. BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

"Horribly stuffed with epithets of war."—SHAKESPEARE.

(B. Moore, 41, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E.)

HERBERT SPENCER. REVIEWED BY HECTOR MACPHERSON.

"'Fery coot,' cried Fhairshon."—*Bon Gaultier.*

(A. J. Craig, Rowanlea, Clovenfords, by Galashiels, N.B.)

THROUGH PERSIA IN A MOTOR CAR. BY CLAUDE ANET.

"A Persian's heaven is eas'ly made:
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade."
MOORE, *Intercepted Letters*, Letter VI.

(Louis T. Nicol, 41, Roebank Street, Alexandra Park, Glasgow.)

THE MAKING OF IRELAND AND ITS UNDOING, 1200–1600. BY A. S. GREEN.

"'A jolly place,' said he, 'in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is cursed."
WORDSWORTH.

(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

I LITTLE KNEW—— BY MISS MAY CROMMELIN.

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."—GRAY.

(Mrs. Wright, Fairmead, Sutton.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the six best examples from English poetry illustrating the beautiful effects of contrast which can be produced by the close juxtaposition of Anglo-Saxon words with those of Latin origin has been awarded to MISS EMILY L. COURT, 5, Dean's Terrace, Plough Croft Lane, Halifax.

1. "Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st;
. . . . .
What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support."
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I.

2. "The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."
TENNYSON, *The Princess.*

3. "Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,
We will grieve not."
WORDSWORTH, *Ode on Intimations of Immortality.*

4. "A mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music."
SHAKESPEARE, *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

5. "His state
Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."
MILTON, *On His Blindness.*

6. "Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing."
WORDSWORTH, *Ode on Intimations of Immortality.*

Excellent examples have been received from Miss M. Lilley and Mr. A. Rowberry-Williams.

III.—This competition has apparently proved too difficult for our readers, as none of them has sent in the list for which the Prize was offered.

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by MR. FRED G. PEARSON, 484, Rice Lane, Walton, Liverpool, and MR. A. ROWBERRY-WILLIAMS, 59, Love Lane, Denbigh.

New Books.

ANATOLE FRANCE.*

The nationality of some writers seems a mere accident. Gibbon might have written in French and "The Decline and Fall" would have been essentially the same. Teutonic critics are accustomed to claim that Shakespeare is only really intelligible in German, and it is a fascinating question how far the main lines of Ibsen's work would have been altered had he chanced to be born in Scotland. But by no stretch of imagination is it possible to conceive of Anatole France as anything but French. Since Voltaire no one has been so quintessentially French, alike in his flawless lucidity of style and in the inexorable logic of his scepticism, as the creator of Monsieur Bergeret. But this was not the only reason why Anatole France has had to wait nearly thirty years for an English translation, at a time when second-rate novels were being published in simultaneous editions in half the capitals of Europe. Walt Whitman somewhere draws a just and pregnant distinction between "loving by allowance" and "loving by personal love," and this distinction sometimes involves the curious consequence that those authors who have the rare gift of inspiring personal affection suffer from the too jealous worship of their admirers. A book which is admired by convention is recommended without hesitation, but the sensitive reader is chary of exposing his beloved author to the rebuffs of an unsympathetic public. And so it came about that the Anatolians, though they were many, were shy of proclaiming their allegiance. Their idol was only to be shown to the initiate, and the work of the master became a touchstone by which to test the elect, the aristocracy of letters. But the most fervent Anatolians must recognise that the time has now come when their idol can no longer be so jealously guarded, and they cannot fail to welcome with pride, tinged perhaps with a gentle regret, this new and stately edition.

Let it be said at once that the format is admirable. The paper is good, the type excellent, and the binding quiet and in good taste—in short, the edition is everything which the most exacting critic could demand. Anatolians are wont to contend that M. France is untranslatable, and in a sense this is true. The effortless purity of his style cannot be reproduced in English; but, admitting this, it must be conceded that Miss Winifred Stephens, the translator of the first volume, has come near to attaining the impossible. Her translation keeps commendably close to the original, and her English, though occasionally a little jerky, is terse and idiomatic. If the translators of the succeeding volumes are equally successful, there will be little to complain of on that score. The edition promises to be a credit to English publishing, and few will be disposed to dispute Mr. Lane's claim that it issues with peculiar appropriateness from the Bodley Head.

It has been remarked with justice that in the case of those writers who excite the personal affection of their readers there is less agreement as to their best and most characteristic works than in the case of the authors whom it is correct and a matter of convention to admire. Anatolians would be found to differ widely in the choice of their favourite book, and it is doubtful whether many would choose "The Red Lily." Nevertheless, the selection of this book to introduce the series to English readers is to be commended. Some, no doubt, would prefer the quietism and more placid beauty of "Sylvestre Bonnard," and many would incline towards "Monsieur Bergeret à Paris." But "The Red Lily" has a more caustic irony, more "bite," than "Sylvestre Bonnard," and a more connected story and stronger dramatic interest than "Monsieur Bergeret." Judged solely as a novel, it is the strongest and most elaborate work which M. France has done. The sketch of Verlaine, thinly disguised under the name of Choulette, is perhaps the best known and also the unfairest of all M. France's pictures of his contemporaries.

M. Anatole France.

Anatole France is the son of a bibliophile whose religion was the Revolution. He inherited from his father his

* "The Red Lily." By Anatole France. Translated by Winifred Stephens. 6s. (John Lane.)

republican principles and his passionate love of books, and from his mother his taste for the Lives of the Saints. No one has written more charmingly of the joys of book-buying or paid a more fitting tribute to the *bouquinistes* of the Quai, and no one has a more sympathetic understanding of the mediæval Church. But with all his enthusiasms, and they are many, he is always and everywhere a sceptic. His attitude to life is that of the questioner. He inherits from his father the philosophy of the Revolution, which questioned established beliefs and established institutions and found them wanting. Profoundly republican, he is the most inexorable critic of the Republic, and "Monsieur Bergeret" shows how fully he is alive to its weaknesses and its dangers. For thirty years he has written at the rate of a book a year, and his attitude has never varied. His powers matured early, and except for incidental references there is little to indicate the order in which his books were written. There has been no change and consequently no development. "Monsieur Bergeret" is dated by its splendid championship of Dreyfus, but otherwise, as a criticism of life, there is little to distinguish it from "Sylvestre Bonnard," written nearly twenty years earlier. It is just here that M. France's chief weakness lies. He has no constructive philosophy to offer, and to-day there is abundant evidence that there is a revival of faith in France and an abandonment of the sceptical attitude of the 'seventies. The popularity of M. Réné Bazin is a proof of this. And while Anatole France has never been so widely read outside of France—for he was slow to gain recognition abroad—there are signs that in France itself his influence is waning before the rise of the new constructive school.

The philosophy of Anatole France is best summarised in his own words in "The Garden of Epicurus":

"Plus je songe à la vie humaine, plus je crois qu'il faut lui donner pour témoins et pour juges l'Ironie et la Pitié. . . . L'Ironie et la Pitié sont deux bonnes conseillères; l'une, en souriant, nous rend la vie aimable; l'autre, qui pleure, nous la rend sacrée. L'Ironie que j'invoque n'est point cruelle. Elle ne raille ni l'amour ni la beauté."

Anatole France.

From a drawing by Auguste Leroux.
From "Vers les Temps Meilleurs."

As a master of irony M. France has had no equal since Voltaire, and even the terrible irony of "Candide" cannot match the delicate polished irony of "Monsieur Bergeret," which did perhaps more than any book, more than the famous "J'Accuse," to disarm the enemies of Dreyfus by rendering them ridiculous.

If he is occasionally a little less than just to his contemporaries, as witness the portrait of Verlaine in "The Red Lily," his sympathies are always on the side of the poor and the oppressed. He is always on the side of the "under dog." Fiercely indignant against violence and injustice, he is tolerant of all weaknesses except hypocrisy. Nothing could be more tender and at the same time more searching in its indictment of society than "Crainquebille," the sketch of the poor coster who comes unwittingly into conflict with the police and finds himself crushed by the machinery of so-called justice. Another instance of his sympathy with imperfect intelligence is the beautiful little story called "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," where the poor juggler can think of no tribute which he can offer to the Madonna except to perform his tricks before her altar. Exquisite, too, is M. France's tenderness towards children and animals. Riquet, M. Bergeret's dog, is one of the most delightful animals in literature. "Le Livre de Mon Ami" is full of the most perfect child studies, of which not the least charming is the visit to the Punch and Judy (Guignol), an episode recalling the work of Mr. Kenneth Grahame, but tinged with a more wistful irony than "The Golden Age."

Anatole France is a pagan, and like all pagans, profoundly pessimist. But if his humanity is saddened by pessimism, his paganism is tempered by reverence for all that is truest and most beautiful in religion. His paganism is haunted by the gentleness of the Nazarene. As a psychologist his strength lies rather in analysis than in creation. Though he can, when he chooses, tell a simple straightforward story, as in "L'Histoire Comique," the narrative is usually of the slenderest. Many of his characters, it is known, are studied from life; and it is not improbable that originals could be found for all of them. Strong situations occur in some of his books, as in "The Red Lily," but they are rare; and some of his most characteristic work, such as the "Histoire Contemporaine," has practically no plot at all. He has few descriptive passages, but many of his books contain touches of the keenest and most delicate observation; and no one can describe a room more perfectly.

As a stylist Anatole France is supreme. Here again he is his own critic, and the best criticism of his style is to be found in his own words in "The Garden of Epicurus":

"Je dirai donc, que, s'il n'y a pas proprement de style simple, il y a des styles qui paraissent simples, et que c'est precisement à ceux-là que semblent attachés la jeunesse et la durée."

His vocabulary is comparatively small, and a limited knowledge of French will suffice for reading most of his books. But in his felicity of phrase and perfect lucidity of expression he is unsurpassed. There is no straining after effect, no search for rare words or startling effects. His dialogue is as witty as it is audacious, but for choice he uses always the simplest word. His style appears simple because it is polished with infinite care. Every excrescence, every redundance, has been pruned away, until the result is a matchless and seemingly effortless perfection. It is a style which defies analysis as it defies imitation.

GOSPELS OF ANARCHY.*

With this invaluable and momentous work I have but a single fault to find, and for a weighty reason this stricture

* "Gospels of Anarchy, and other Contemporary Studies." By Vernon Lee. 10s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

shall stand first. A reprobate habit of forgetting what the new lights mean by the ugly words they coin and the familiar ones they borrow, does not wholly explain the difficulty I have sometimes found in grasping the precise sense of a sentence, and still more its logical intention as a step in the argument. This fault—for obscurity is always a fault, or at least a mishap to be regretted when it obscures sense and not nonsense—may probably be referred to two causes. The author comes fresh—as we do not—from long and close study of a whole library of seers, cranks and eccentrics, and not only in summarising their arguments or quoting in *oratio obliqua* reproduces their strange terms of art and tortuous phrasing, but now and then adopts them unconsciously when quite unnecessary, naturally forgetting for the moment the reader's inexperience. Again, the obscure or awkward concatenation of sentences. I know, alas! only too well the cause thereof. A limpid, lazy flow of sentences, suited to lazy readers, is so easy for the popular scribbler, whose single aim is to expand one page to ten. But if it is your fate, whenever you have settled that you have just enough matter to fill your prescribed page, to find always as you write imperative thoughts and suggestions crowding in on you tenfold, you cannot bear to reject them all; you scheme and contrive to include one or two, somehow, having first with much expenditure of time decided which to select. In this horrible struggle for compression, you grudge to waste a line on the scraps of smooth verbiage which cement sentences. For myself I doubt if I have ever written smoothly or even quite grammatically even in familiar letters, save when I have nothing particular to say, which is almost never, because then I am too lazy to write at all. But Vernon Lee not only has always too much to say, but all of it always worth saying. Each of these essays is the skeleton for a serious volume—and few readers are skilled literary anatomists.

From a drawing by Auguste Leroux. Engraved by E. Florian.

Anatole France.

From "Vers les Temps Meilleurs."

Why this preface? Because, though difficulties occur here and there throughout the book, they struck me most, even on revision, in the two or three essays with which it happens to open. The first indeed disappointed, almost repelled—one expected so much from the author of "Euphorion." Now, to specialists these difficulties will seem less than nothing. Not so to general readers. And among them is a vast, an ever-growing multitude who, without special powers and training (as some at least will admit), are seeking from curiosity, or a nobler instinct, to get nearer to the light; and who have reached, and are resting in the wayside inns of the old formulas or the new 'isms. To such, each and all, I commend this book, confidently, earnestly, entreatingly; to them I would say—it is no masterpiece, literary or philosophical, no gospel, no revelation. But it is *just what you want*. And it is all you are likely to get for many a year to come. Vernon Lee is no prophet or divinity, founds no school, has neither disciples nor worshippers, runs no new religion, has no axes to grind—is just an inquirer like yourself. Very able, no doubt, highly trained, deeply read. So are some others you have read. Very fearless, very honest, unprejudiced, and un-self-deceiving, because perfectly disinterested. So I dare say, if we could only get at them, are a few more in this world, whom you have *not* read—because they have not written; and that probably because they had no axe to grind, no pet theory to push. Nor has Vernon Lee; yet has written. So should be read—and trusted.

Therefore, this friendly advice. If at first the book seems difficult, read on—it soon gets clearer. If you do not grasp some points in the analysis of, say, Nietzsche or Tolstoi, skip them; between ourselves, there is more humbug in the prophets than Vernon Lee's tolerance admits. But mark carefully all the author's own judgments, especially the summaries and conclusions of each essay. They will not solve for you the insolvable problem. But they will teach you *how* to inquire, *how* to disbelieve, and still more, *how* to believe. *What* does not matter so much as *how*, for you and me. And though the teaching will free you for ever from the thrall of Mothers Seigel, Blavatsky, Eddy, and the other frowsy sibyls and seers, it is not merely negative, nor at all pessimistic. The author holds many strong beliefs. Some you may reject. Some, and those the highest, those which go farthest to answer your farthest inquiry, I think you will adopt. If not, pale people, you may as well stick to your Pink Pills and Christian Science!

This volume of essays, or rather reviews, some at least already printed, has a perfect unity; and the title of the first paper, "Gospels of Anarchy," fits the whole. For all the seers and system-makers under review are intellectual Anarchists; not only the professed Anarchists, Stirner, Ibsen, Whitman, Brewster and Barrès, but the unconscious Anarchists, Ruskin, Emerson, Nietzsche, James, Tolstoi, and the rest.

> "Indeed one might almost say that the disorder, the passionate unruliness, the blind following of individual impulse, the derision of what other men have thought, the setting at defiance of the modes according to which all mankind has learned to think, the intellectual anarchy in short, is greatest among the upholders of old religious dogmas or ethics, and the framers of carefully thought-out systems."

But the whole passage deserves study. Vernon Lee has taken some dozen latter-day gospels, dissected and exposed each—too leniently to my thinking; but that is not all. Here another thread of unity. With that rarest of tolerance, the magnanimous not the servile tolerance, the critic seeks and finds in each presumptuous false gospel some morsels of truth more or less novel, sane and permanent, to be put to its credit, and used in building for us a platform, a standpoint; narrow, alas! provisional and insecure, but

at any rate high enough to overlook all the 'isms—and perhaps as near to the sun as our atmosphere will allow man to climb.

Many years ago, when "Euphorion" appeared, I paid respectful tribute to the acute critical powers, the rich imagination, the original thought, versatile accomplishment, sound learning and sounder judgment of a new and unknown writer. To-day it would be an impertinence for me to repeat that admiration in the face of a reputation now so firmly established, if not in the view of the mob, in the opinion of critics far more competent than myself. Nor can I attempt a description of even one or two of the dozen essays, each an epitome of a large subject, much less argue out the many points where I am unable to agree with the author. I must say little, because the book has suggested to me, as it will to all readers, not a few pages, but a whole volume of commentary.

Here is but a specimen. In "The Economic Parasitism of Women" (it was written as preface to the translation of Mrs. Stetson's "Economics and Women"), Vernon Lee owns to having been converted to the Rights of Women by that book, which traces (correctly, so far as I can judge) the subjection of woman solely to the prolonged non-self-supporting infancy of the primitive child. From the status of nurse she sank into that of domestic slave, supported permanently by her master. The whole paper is highly illuminating. Excellent is the exposure of the horrible conception of *la femme*, so ingrained in the Latin races—at once a charming toy and a corrupting, devouring demon. (But how many Teutonic poets, English or German, have escaped the contagion?) I agree cordially in the view that we suffer from the vast importance we, as compared to other animals, attach to sex, but would myself go much farther, or at least define more closely. For in forecasting the future I cannot here follow Vernon Lee very far. It seems to me that we ought to, and probably shall, determine very strictly the limits of sex-differentiation. On the one hand, the peculiar sphere of female ethics, rights and duties, will be narrowed, but within that sphere women will become more and more feminine (not less, as Vernon Lee seems to think), while men will become more manly in theirs. On the other hand, in the immense sphere of common interests, ethics, rights and obligations, the distinction of sex will be utterly ignored. But that will not come in our day. All this to introduce a little contribution of my own—is it original? I wonder. For in this very book I learn that one pet paradox I put forth many years ago was treated—before or since—by Herbert Spencer as a grave theory. Well, has anybody, has even Vernon Lee, ever examined the bearing on the sex problem of our deplorable want of an epicene pronoun of the third person singular? Though no votary of Volapuks and Esperantos, I regard all language as the most backward and infantile of human arts, and sigh with the old Abbé Dubos to exchange these national *patois* invented by illiterate savages, and then patched and tinkered by stupid schoolmasters through the ages, for a scientific, rational, universal system. Our three natural genders are no doubt a triumph of English common sense. But we need four genders, both singular and plural, for the third person. My point here, however, is that we have no honorific word to substitute for "he" or "she" when we do not know, or particularly wish to ignore the sex. Now is it not a nice question how far this deficiency is the result of the subjection of women, and how far and how long it will operate as a cause? Anyhow, in a mixed bar, bench, senate or boardroom, the forms "he" and "she" will become meaningless and offensive. A new epicene pronoun will have to be coined. Even nowadays this is no trifling matter. Here is an instance to hand. It is no secret, I believe, that the distinguished author, Vernon Lee, is a woman. Unlike those four other eminent women who headed the procession the other day, her sphere of distinction permits her the luxury of privacy. Until she chooses to disclose her identity and name, they should be ignored. I heard the name long ago, but purposely forgot it, loathing such personal gossip. Hitherto, you will see, I have avoided as a matter of courtesy referring to the author by any pronoun at all, masculine or feminine, but you cannot tell how much ingenuity and caution it needed. And this grammatical nuisance would become intolerable in Utopia.

One other point. When Vernon Lee, while dealing seriously and severely with Dr. Nordau's scientific theories, adds with contemptuous dismissal, "Who cares for his literary and artistic criticism?" I must protest that at least one undegenerate and unregenerate who was not charmed by the science, cared a great deal for them, thinking he saw under their obvious exaggerations and vagaries, wholesome and necessary truths, moral and æsthetic—home truths most incriminating and unanswerable, as seemed proved by the frenzied rage of certain giggling and sniggering critics. Nor, indeed, did he always recognise the hand of Vernon Lee in that essay.

Finally be it said, this brief review is no hysterical panegyric. The book has its errors and deficiencies. It is but an imperfect essay, a prelude, let us hope, to a more elaborate and orderly work in which this fearless pioneer and trusted guide will arrange and expand and fortify the truths to which she has climbed. I have called the book momentous; not from what the author says, so much as from how she says it. It marks a step in advance. You may object, she is only a woman! True, but how many men have yet surpassed her in boldness of inquiry, magisterial impartiality, and integrity of judgment? Only a sceptic! Yes, but with a concentrated, lively faith, compared to which that of the ecclesiastic, Christian or Pagan, seems to diffuse into indifference as it tries to embrace whole libraries of dogma. And this lively faith has bred a tone of thought religious, devout and pious, in the best senses of those words, a repose and collectedness (as Catholics call it), a serene and hopeful optimism, and above all, a benign and patient and sympathetic tolerance—graces, these, none too common in the chair and pulpit. Momentous, not so much intellectually as morally. For, orthodox or sceptics alike, many of us might have attained these graces had we, according to our various powers, sought truth with singleness of heart. For myself, the book has made me ashamed of my spiteful intolerance of human folly and wickedness. But I never shall, and never mean to amend my ways. It is too late. So I feel abashed and sore. And if any other reader feel the like compunction, I charge him to repent while yet there is time.

Y. Y.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.*

However much they may disagree upon political lines, both Imperialists and Little Englanders should at least find a common satisfaction in the amount of attention which is being devoted by modern writers to the affairs of the British Empire. So long as that Empire exists, it must be to the interest of all that our knowledge of it should be as comprehensive as possible. Empire, of course, is a

* "Outposts of Empire." By John Lang. 6s. net. (Jack.)—"Australia." By W. H. Lang. 6s. net. (Jack.)—"The First English Conquest of Canada." By Henry Kirke. 3s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)—"The Early English Colonies." By the Rev. Sadler Phillips. 6s. net. (Elliot Stock.)—"An Apostle of the North." By H. A. Cody. 7s. 6d. net. (Seeley.)—"A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador." By Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)—"Icebound Heights of the Mustagh." By Dr. and Mrs. Workman. 21s. net. (Constable.)—"The Real India." By J. D. Rees, M.P. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)—"The Indian Countryside." By P. C. Scott O'Connor. 6s. net. (Brown, Langham.)—"Adventure in New Zealand." By E. J. Wakefield. 7s. 6d. net. (Whitcombe & Tombs.)—"Maori Life in Ao-tea." By Johannes C. Andersen 15s. net. (Whitcombe & Tombs.)—"The Book of Ceylon." By Henry W. Cave. 12s. net. (Cassell.)

word which means widely different things to different people, and it is not without special interest that we examine a selection of the recent books describing several of these various aspects. Pure history, it must be acknowledged, does not appear to be attracting the best writers. Mr. John Lang's "Outposts of Empire," for example, is expressly described as not being a formal history, and the author has endeavoured to extract from the history of the different places mentioned "a portion of the Romance with which each is saturated." In this undertaking he has been thoroughly successful, and the same remark applies also to the companion volume on "Australia," by Mr. W. H. Lang, in the same series; but both books can only be regarded as stepping-stones to something more solid. More satisfying books come both from Mr. Henry Kirke and the Rev. Sadler Phillips. Mr. Kirke's "The First English Conquest of Canada" has now run into a second edition, and a re-examination of this book only strengthens our previous opinion that it conveys a quantity of scholarly information within a small space. Mr. Phillips's "The Early English Colonies," which contains a summary of a lecture delivered last year in America by the Bishop of London, is in a sense complementary to Mr. Kirke's work, as it deals with the colonies which afterwards revolted. Consecutiveness of narrative has evidently not been aimed at, but Mr. Phillips makes a number of most interesting quotations from the Fulham MSS. and other sources. If, however, history is weak, the books on exploration are exceptionally strong. "An Apostle of the North" gives us a most vivid account of the life of the late Bishop W. C. Bompas, and the author has been very fortunate in the number of interesting documents to which he has been able to obtain access. Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, the result of whose expedition over this region is the only one recognised by the geographical authorities of Europe and America, describes in "A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador" the exploration of the Nascaupee and George Rivers, and she renders valuable service by correcting various incorrect accounts of her late husband's expedition which have appeared elsewhere. In their "Icebound Heights of the Mustagh" Dr. and Mrs. Workman have again utilised their unrivalled experience as mountaineers to advantage. Certain portions of their volume will, no doubt, make their principal appeal to the expert climber, but this account of two seasons spent in the Baltistan Himalaya ought to be of general interest, and a special word of praise must be given to the illustrations, which are often of exceptional beauty and admirably reproduced. India, again, is unusually fortunate in being written of from the political standpoint by Mr. J. D. Rees, M.P. One is inclined, perhaps, to fight shy of volumes with similar titles, but in calling his book "The Real India," Mr. Rees has been guilty of no misnomer. At the present moment, when the condition of India is exciting exceptional interest, Mr. Rees's study is unusually timely, and he deserves our thanks for laying stress upon certain points which are apt to be overlooked. "It is necessary," he says, in an admirable chapter on Social Reform, "to realise what the domestic life of the Hindoos actually is, before considering what steps should be taken to reform it, though such hesitation would not be tolerated by ardent and professional reformers, who would first of all abolish, and then study, any customs which came within their restless and disturbing orbit." It is easier, as he remarks elsewhere, to give the causes of the unrest which unhappily prevails than to suggest remedies, but Mr. Rees shows that he can be a constructive as well as a destructive critic. He suggests that the pension list is capable of reduction; that existing banking facilities should be increased, and that the Presidency banks should be allowed access to the London market. He strongly condemns as unjustifiable the undue interference of the British Resident in the internal affairs of the native states (the chapter upon which we should willingly have had written at greater length), and he deplores "the resulting loss of the precious individuality of ancient Hindoo states." Above all, he falls foul of our own system of education as being beyond all other causes "responsible for the evil results," and, in condemning the giving of purely secular instruction, declares that "it is evident that religious education should have been preserved until some ideal had been evolved to take its place—such as exists, for instance, in the Bushido of Japan." As a form of simple introduction to some of the problems discussed by Mr. Rees comes Mr. P. C. Scott O'Connor's "The Indian Countryside," with its artless, graphic descriptions of country life in India. Mr. E. J. Wakefield's "Adventure in New Zealand," to which Sir Robert Stout, as editor, contributes an excellent preface, is another account, though upon a much more ambitious scale, of personal experiences. The book was originally published in 1845 from the diary which Mr. Wakefield, son of the famous Gibbon Wakefield, kept for some years, and gives a good description of the early British colonisation of New Zealand. Not a few of Mr. Wakefield's references will probably be better understood by those who read also "Maori Life in Ao-tea," wherein Mr. Johannes C. Andersen

Mrs. Hubbard.
Frontispiece from "A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador."

gives a most fascinating description of the old Maori life. A special feature of Mr. Andersen's book is the manner in which he has endeavoured to convey through the lips of the traditional heroes and heroines of pre-pakeha days a conception of their material, moral, and religious environment. Mr. Henry W. Cave's "The Book of Ceylon" may perhaps not unfitly be mentioned last, because, as it is avowedly written to arouse in the general reader a desire to visit the island, it carries us back to that widespread desire to become more fully acquainted with the component parts of the Empire, of which all these volumes, in their various ways, are the visible illustration.

MAMMON AND HIS MESSAGE.*

To sit in a little green wood beneath the summer sky's familiar arch, paper on knee, pen between finger and thumb, and patiently, faithfully, and unflinchingly to describe, paint, "fix" a volcano not half a league distant in incessant and awful activity: such, very much, is the critic's task who essays to review one of Mr. Davidson's dramas. Smoke streams up, wagging a piratical flag against the sun; thunderous reverberations groan and roar; flame surges; hissing sparks rocket and shower. The quieter, the more homely and secluded the verdant oasis of your hope, belief, and experience, the wilder, fiercer, more pitiless is the devastating phenomenon. Mr. Davidson will smoke you out, if smoke can. He'll burn your precious wood about your ears; and whatever-Gods-there-be be thanked if the nearest refuge is within a run, and your heart is sound enough to give scope to your legs. Meanwhile, such being the poor writer's precarious condition, let him dare lava and ashes and—face the music like a man.

This volume, then, is the second of Mr. Davidson's trilogy, "God and Mammon." It deals with the affairs of the kingdom of Thule at its capital of Christianstadt when King Mammon (after the very trying vicissitudes described in "The Triumph of Mammon"—his exile, his crucifixion, his patricide and fratricide) has ascended the throne and sets forward on the conquest, among minor matters, of Christianity and the Universe. His heart's cry, his philosophy, his message, may be summed up in the one word—Matter. We gather from his unfailing rhetoric that this is *the* secret. Win back to, trust only in, stake man's all on matter, and every faith the world has ever dreamed of, evolved, or taken refuge in, is instantly damned and annihilated. This belief alone, this sudden illumination, this dexterous juggling of terms, will make super-men, demigods, masters of us all.

> "'Get Thee behind me, God!' shall be our cry.
> From lower forms of life out of the ether,
> By way of lightning and the nebula,
> The king of all the beasts arrived at last.
> There I begin again as if no time
> Had ever been: no metaphysical
> Consideration, myth or wonder-world
> Installed in space by sorrow or ignorance;
> No moral law insidiously wrought
> To play the pandar to malignity;
> No gyves of right and wrong to shackle power."

Sin is a morbid delusion; poverty, weakness are filthy and obscene; self-sacrifice is a silly blasphemy; the soul a fallacy, Heaven a mirage; the past a dull nought behind the digit of the present: we have been led astray, emasculated, eviscerated, betrayed.

> "Hideous liar,
> Abominably old and impotent!
> You know there is no God, no soul at all,
> But only matter, ether polarised,
> Condensed and shown and felt and understood,
> Beholding, feeling, thinking, comprehending
> The subject-object of the Universe."

* "Mammon and his Message." By John Davidson. 5s. (E. Grant Richards.)

So unbridled and rebestialised, mocking every limitation, doubt and scruple, Self shall be our sole guide. We are such stuff as stars are made of. All each requires is merely a long, swift, and unrestricted orbit. Inadvertently our reviewer comes to a pause, to steal another glance at wild Pélée. Only, however, to be completely reassured. He has, if anything, been remiss, too modest, too gentle in his endeavour. This is only King Mammon's philosophy. His practice quite transcends it. For, in practice, he is an epitome of the worst six Cæsars—Suetonius condensed and distilled. Seduction is merely an interlude between pastimes of a deeper dye. He strangles the Papal Legate (the "hideous liar" of the passage quoted above); harangues, banishes, condemns at least half the population of Thule; burns down his capital's beautiful and long-historied abbey; and tortures to death ("to transcend himself") the ruinous old Abbot of Christianstadt; his only symptom of mortality being shared with Macbeth—an hallucination at heightened moments of the blood-beslobbered bodies of his victims. "The time occupied is about twelve hours." And this royal acme of Matter is just turned twenty-five. Around our bloated Gulliver revolves the Lilliput of Thule. And surely this ever-recurring petty court-life is tiresome and outdone. It recalls a hundred dramas, unnumbered romances. It is one of the many obvious weaknesses of the play that Mammon *is* a king. His power is not the outcome of his philosophy, but of his standing army (at £20 a head). In humbler ways of life one felony at a time is the general rule; and even that at considerable intervals. King Mammon cordially invites his fellows to follow him, to found a Universe each on his own personality—matter supreme become exquisitely conscious. So might Heliogabalus or Caligula, before administering the final narcotic. But after all, this is a tale told long ago. And matter or spirit, lay-reader or bookmaker's clerk, one's microcosm always was one's all.

Such then being imperfectly Mr. Davidson's idea, what of his play?

It is not much else than a lyrical monologue. It has dramatic moments; but its wild and distorted action seems action in a vacuum. Not one of the characters lives in the heart or in one's humour. Not one stands out human, lovable, realised, unique. Oswald, Mammon's Horatio, has his moments, Signy Snowbird suggests a memory, and Inga Volsung stands somewhere cut in stone. But rhetoric, violence, a kind of metallic hardness, a galvanised activity make masks of them all. They are unconvincing, puppetry, all at the poet's beck and call.

And as if to ensure its effect of unreality, to sterilise its imaginative atmosphere, Mr. Davidson launches out into another epilogue that might just as well have been embodied in one of Mammon's windy tirades.

In sober earnest, who can but keenly regret that Mr. Davidson should be wasting his rare gifts on work like this? He has written vivid and brilliant poetry. There are passages in this play of quiet beauty and, here and there, of simplicity and wisdom. But else it is one long orgy of sound and fury. Nothing is needed to-day so much as sanity, lucidity, restraint. The trick of cleverness, the painful trick of egotism, the effort to be shocking and dazzling and egregious—they are all grown stale as the æsthetes: are, perhaps, even of less real stuff and value to the world. Truth surely never went at ease in such trappings.

There must come in every great drama peace at last, even if it be only the peace of completion, the sense of storm at an end; Mr. Davidson's drama leaves only confusion and clatter in the mind. His characters rant and gesticulate and the wires jerk them from our eyes. Wit, extraordinary fancy, much reading and reverie—what a waste is here! It only adds for a while to the unquietness and vexation of life to have read his book. Even parody does no worse.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

THE RUSSIAN COURT.*

The industry of Mr. Brayley Hodgetts is to be commended. It is easy to picture him spending long months in the reading room of the British Museum patiently plodding through stacks of books, seeking information about the lives of the Russian emperors during the last hundred years, and gradually raising at his elbow another stack of written extracts. These he has woven together and given us in two volumes under the title "The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century." It is an interesting book. It would have been more interesting, however, if Mr. Brayley Hodgetts, after exhaustive study of a particular reign, had furnished us with a picture of the emperor and the court life from the crucible of his own brain. Of course a reader likes to know a writer's authority for particular statements; but I confess that whilst I was reading these two volumes I got rather tired of the slabs of quotations from other writers—and even from a former book by Mr. Brayley Hodgetts—which dance in procession through some six hundred pages. And yet one recognised the frankness and honesty of the writer in letting us know where he garnered his material.

When Mr. Brayley Hodgetts set himself down to compile this work, he had a laudable intention. It was to give an accurate picture of court life in Russia and to rigorously avoid scandal-mongering. Accordingly in his earlier chapters he dismisses as apocryphal most of the stories to be read in vindictive memoirs concerning the life of Catherine II. His desire is that no piquant tale shall be told unless it can be proved. But his excellent intention weakens as he gets toward the end of the second volume and down toward our own times. He tells a number of scandalous stories about the Grand Dukes, which may or may not be true, but which he has no further authority for repeating than gossip.

I doubt if Mr. Brayley Hodgetts had any particular object in view when he began to write "The Court Life of Russia in the Nineteenth Century," except to give the English reader an historical account of a period, a country, and a court about which most Englishmen are either entirely ignorant or grossly misinformed. He has done that fully and well. But his book has another value besides being a historical resumé of the lives, characteristics, and doings of members of the Russian royal house. To the student of Russian affairs it will prove of service by correcting the twisted perspective which we are all inclined to have when we view the present situation from a British standpoint without understanding the background of Russian history.

The author does justice to the Russian emperors of the last century in showing that in the main they were actuated by the ambition to do the right thing by the country they ruled. The fact, however, which stands out is that the Russian Court is alien, German indeed, and not Muscovite and oriental, as it is generally regarded in popular imagination. But the Russians themselves are oriental, easy going and fatalistic, and their nature rebels against the bureaucratic dragooning system of government, imported from Germany, to which they have been subjected. Their emperors have more German blood in them than Muscovite. The title Tsar is only a corruption of the German kaiser. The chiefs of the administration have usually been Baltic province or German-speaking Russians. The traits of the emperors have been German. But when the people felt they had a truly Russian emperor the popular animus against the ruler almost disappeared. The late emperor, Alexander III., was a case in point. He was a big, strong, sluggish man, careless about decorum, fond of Russian pleasures, but frugal. Says Mr. Brayley Hodgetts:

"Alexander III. was not above the comprehension of his lowest subjects. He was a simple, plain, honest man with no nonsense about him. . . . He did not care for the arts, or for literature, or for abstract philosophical or even political ideas; all these things were nonsense and they were things the Russian peasant did not bother about either. . . . He had no elegant manners or elegant tastes; there was nothing foreign, nothing exquisite or dandified about him. His tall powerful frame and fabulous strength inspired respect. With his hard, honest, greyish-blue eyes, his full beard and his hair, which, before he grew bald, he brushed straight back over his head without a parting, he had the appearance of a typical Russian legendary hero."

He was loved by his subjects because he rebelled against German influence. One of the first things he did on reaching the throne was to reform the military uniforms on national lines. The costume of the Russian peasant, his fur cap, his top boots, his short caftan, were assimilated to the requirements of the army.

Now it is the custom of the revolutionaries to represent the present emperor as a kind of bloodthirsty weakling; and that is the belief of many English people.

Mr. Brayley Hodgetts has therefore done service in giving an accurate picture of Nicholas II., a very human man, not strong in character, naturally influenced by those about him, but liberal-minded and zealous for the peace and prosperity of his country. And the author does no more than right in dwelling upon the ideal home life led by Nicholas II. and his empress.

Despite the fact that Mr. Brayley Hodgetts lends himself to a little scandal-mongering, these two volumes are to be commended for their fairness and impartiality. He wisely points out that the history of Russia in the nineteenth century is nothing more or less than the history of the slow and gradual revolt of the Russian people against the alien court. But a perusal of these interesting pages will convince the impartial observer that so far from being monsters in human form, the emperors of Russia will bear favourable comparison with the rulers of any other nation.

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

* "The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century." By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. 2 vols., 24s. net. (Methuen.)

LOVE AND POLITICS.*

There is always, of course, the soul of goodness in things evil. The climbing is hard and wearying, but aspiration dies when the summit is reached; literature is the richer by many books about Utopia, but they were all written by men who have lived elsewhere, for visions of the ideal country can only come to us in a country that is not ideal. Whatever is greatest in art and literature has, one way or another, had its roots in this world's imperfections, and if ever the day dawns when all our wrongs are righted, and the reign of universal brotherhood begins, we shall no longer be able to learn in suffering what we teach in song and story, and it seems likely that our souls will grow fat and comfortable, having nothing higher to toil and fight and agonise after, and being so grossly happy and contented we shall sleep and have no dreams.

Certainly, it is out of this world's imperfections that Mr. Winston Churchill (to avoid every risk of confusion, perhaps one should call him the American Mr. Winston Churchill) has fashioned his new novel, "Mr. Crewe's Career," and to say that in point of construction, in its realistic picturing of life, its profound knowledge of humanity, the simplicity and subtle art of its style, this is, at least, as fine a piece of work as "Coniston," is to place it at once amongst the few new novels that really matter.

In a sense, "Mr. Crewe's Career" is a sequel to "Coniston." You learn from a casual reference that Jethro Bass, that quaint, attractive, unscrupulous ruler of men who dominates the earlier story, is dead, and you are introduced to a new set of people, most of whom had never met him, but you are shown here how the corrupt and

* "Mr. Crewe's Career." By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)

pestilent system by which Jethro rose to greatness a generation or so ago is continued into twentieth-century politics, and developed and made more effective. The man who has most nearly adopted Jethro's methods, Job Braden, is a lesser personality than Jethro and works more in the background, but he owns property, has lent money to the farmers, holds mortgages on their farms, and in divers ways has the voting strength of the district in the hollow of his hand, and must be taken into account by any legislative candidate who hopes to get elected. More powerful still, because its wider reach enables it to control the destinies, not merely of a single township, but of the whole State, is the United North-eastern Railroads Corporation, with the astute, Napoleonic Mr. Flint for its President. By wholesale bribery and corruption he has brought practically the whole of the State Legislative Assembly to heel, the Speaker and most of the members travel everywhere with free passes, they owe their nomination and election to the influence of the Railroad's political organisation, and vote blindly as it instructs them to.

There are honest old country farmers, men of the staunch, straight, Puritan stock, who sit in the back seats of the House and see the agents and toadies and hangers-on of the great Corporation doing their jobbery and trickery and dirty work under their very noses, but are helpless, alike in their minority and in their ignorance of parliamentary procedure, and their feeling against it all is

Mr. Winston Churchill.
Author of "Mr. Crewe's Career."

expressed by Mr. Redbrook when he says to Austen Vane:

"It just makes me tremble as an American citizen. The Railrud sends them slick cusses down here that sit in the front seats who know all this here parliamentary law and the tricks of the trade, and every time any of us gets up to speak our honest minds, they have us ruled out of order or get the thing laid on the table until some Friday morning when there ain't nobody here, and send it along up to the Senate. They made that fat feller, Doby, Speaker, and he's stuffed all the important committees so that you can't get an honest measure considered. You can talk to the committees all you've a mind to, and they'll just listen and never do anything. There's five hundred in the House, and it ain't any more of a Legislature than a camp-meetin' is."

He is going on to add that you can't get any Bill through unless you go and obtain permission of the Honourable Hilary Vane, chief counsel in the State for the Railroad, when he checks himself, remembering that Austen is Hilary's son.

But Austen by no means resents hearing what he has said himself, and knows to be true; he has set himself to clean out this Augean stable of American politics, and to put an end to the iron and iniquitous rule that his father has done much to create, and as much as any man to maintain.

At the outset, Austen is a good deal of a waster and a prodigal. At school and at college he was wild and ungovernable, yet a popular favourite, and his much-worried head-master said of him, "He has a really remarkable mind, when he chooses to use it. Every once in a while he takes your breath away—but he has to become interested." Arrived at manhood, he cannot bring himself to settle to following in his father's footsteps, but goes away ranching, and only returns when he is in his thirties and has got into trouble for shooting and almost killing a man for good enough reasons. He returns resolved to study for the law as his father wishes, but he will not study in his father's office, nor with any view to succeeding to his place and dignity, for if he has inherited a restless, gypsy strain from his dead mother, he has inherited from her also a scorn of meanness and dishonour, a passionate love of what is right and just. He has no sooner become a lawyer, than he refuses the free pass and the appointment as one of its junior barristers that the Railroad offers him, and takes up, and successfully prosecutes against it, a poor farmer's claim for damages. From that hour onwards he is looked upon as the champion of those who have suffered and are suffering under the tyranny of that gigantic and theretofore all-powerful corporation. The son is as obstinate as the father, and the interest of the whole story deepens as the clash and conflict of their opposing wills sharpens and intensifies. The understanding and the natural, unshakable love that subsist between them through it all is very beautifully suggested. They fight fiercely in opposite camps, but are not at enmity; the son can admire his father's loyalty to his clients, consents to go on living under his roof, and goes frankly and tells him beforehand of each new move he is about to take against him, and the old man, secretly proud of his son's ability and integrity, pays him the unconscious tribute of admiring the indifference with which he can fling his chances of material prosperity aside in his search after ideals, and so it comes imperceptibly that the "persistently strong influence of the son's character" brings about a change in the father.

The main interest of the story gathers around Austen. Mr. Crewe and his career are only of importance because of their connection with him. Crewe is a young millionaire, snobbish, egotistical, commonplace; he takes up Austen's ideals, and with the best of intentions devotes himself to politics. He is determined to fight the Railroad and to legislate for the benefit of the electors, but is ready to employ as his chief lieutenant a clever rascal who has deserted from the enemy, and is led into adopting the shady methods of the other side, is duped, fooled, and, in due season, involved in inevitable disaster. Victoria Flint likes him "in spite of his career," and had said shrewdly, soon after it commenced, "Humphrey's career has all the fascination of a runaway locomotive. One watches it transfixed, awaiting the inevitable crash."

Perhaps you do not altogether take to Victoria on her first appearance in Mr. Churchill's pages, but she grows upon you until you fully realise the charm of her elusive tenderness and unaffected candour, and see, with Austen, that she is one of those "to whom sorrow might bring sadness, and knowledge mourning, and yet could rob them of no jot of sweetness." She is the only daughter of Railroad President Flint, and feels very much towards her own father as Austen feels towards his; she moves through this sordid realm of chicanery and intrigue and political corruption a pure and fascinating figure of romance, and the love that she wakens in more than one heart and the love that one man wins from her heighten the interest of the story and leaven its black and white realism with qualities that are not less real because they are touched with more of light and colour.

"Mr. Crewe's Career" is a scathing and earnest indictment of modern American politics, and, what is maybe more to the purpose, it is also a poignant and finely artistic piece of fiction—one of the biggest and most absorbingly interesting novels that recent years have given to us.

GOETHE ONCE MORE.*

As I turn over the pages of these two volumes, my memory travels back some forty years, to pleasant fruitful readings in Goethe, when I was a student in Rome or wandering about the glades of the Alban Hills. And I feel profoundly the truth of a saying uttered by that keen critic, the late Professor Seeley: "We need from time to time a fresh view of this greatest among Germans, nor can we be quite sure of him, as we are of Homer, Shakespeare, and other classics." I am not quoting Seeley's exact words; their sense, however, was this, and they strike a warning note. We have all learned something from the author of "Faust," of "Wilhelm Meister," of the lyrical "Poems," if not in the original yet through his translators, beginning with Scott and Carlyle. Still he stands aloft, the embodiment of modern culture or "Bildung"—a name invented by him to express the training which a man should aim at in order to be himself. This personal and sovereign idea gives us the whole of Goethe. But he, as an unwearied spirit, laboured until four-score years and upwards to realise all that was in him with a persistence, a liveliness, a frequent grace and continual melody, in prose, verse, and action, so comprehensively that he has left us a world on which his image is stamped. The sun called Goethe remains a star of the first magnitude in our literary heaven. Liable indeed to eclipses, and not free from sun-spots! Therein lies the need of ever fresh observations. What is Goethe to us, one hundred and sixty years after his birth? To the biographers whom I am reviewing he is a god, no less. Herr Düntzer, having gathered from innumerable sources every scrap of knowledge now attainable, offers at the Weimar shrine his sacrifice of praise. With a German's delightful naïveté he admires the great and the little in his hero, and honest in giving all particulars, falls into a sentimental ecstasy whenever the "splendid youth" takes on with a new love or is off with an old one. Goethe should have written, not the "Achilleis," which he attempted and then gave up, but an "Ariadne in Naxos." How often did he sail away from the lady of his heart? Among men of letters he seems the authentic Don Juan. This pattern life moves by stages from Kätchen to Frederike, from Frederike to Lotte, from Lotte to Lili, from Lili to Frau von Stein and Corona Schröter—then by many episodes to "Suleika" and Ulrike von Levezow, who died in 1899. I omit the other known names, except Christiane Vulpius, whom the poet wedded after they had been together eighteen years. "All that was wanting," says the incomparable Düntzer—during those years—"was the ecclesiastical ceremony." And the ceremony did not stand in Goethe's way, either before or after. His philanderings with married women make up no small part of a long life. They continued to the last. "Suleika," who inspired the "West-Oestliche Divan," would almost appear to have accepted her husband on the condition that her aged admirer should be the *tertius gaudens*, as in a French comedy. For, as Herr Düntzer tells us, it was "a characteristic of Goethe that he always needed a number of feminine hearts, of more or less personal interest to him, in which to mirror himself." No doubt; and in this he was not singular. But he thought his existence had been ethically perfect; sometimes even (*vide* the "Conversations" recorded by Eckermann) that he was the only true Christian alive. Perhaps he was the only one of his kind.

Great men have their weaknesses, and in such moods or moments they cease to be great. I would correct Herr Düntzer's idolatry by letting another historian speak, and one remarkably well qualified—I mean Father Baumgarten, who though a Jesuit (*horresco referens*), has written a "Life of Goethe" founded on the documents, accurate in detail and severely just. Let us not debase the moral currency, whatever we may owe to genius. There is a strong temptation, fostered by our schools and magazines, to allow the infallibility of literature while questioning the inspiration of the Bible. Herr Düntzer looks up to Goethe's hundred volumes as the latest word revealed; and his life is—I had almost said—the divine commentary upon it. Sensible readers will discount this fervour with a smile. But readers who are not entirely sensible, when they have bought Mr. Unwin's astonishingly cheap translation for half a crown, will imagine that the poet's example was for their learning as much as his grave or seductive rhymes and stories. They had better, I think, follow the old-time Christian, leaving the "new Pagan" to answer for himself.

That Düntzer's "Life" is complete and everywhere interesting one cannot but recognise. The account of Goethe's youth, which fills nearly two hundred and fifty pages, is a most valuable contribution to German domestic history between 1749 and 1776. Of the translation I will only remark that it would bear improvement. Why so competent a scholar, well acquainted with his subject, should have reproduced the German order of words throughout, I am unable to conjecture. The effect is always odd, often ludicrous, and in many places grotesque. Illustration might be salutary to us all, but not pleasant; yet I do wish that we could imitate the French in this particular, whose translations are generally as idiomatic as they are faithful.

Of my other volume I do not propose to say much. It is the conclusion to a vast undertaking in criticism as well as biography, and should be judged in the whole to which it forms a coping-stone. Its author, a Slav by name and temperament, worships Goethe, shares to the full in his Pantheism, Monism, or whatever the vague anti-Christian "Welt-anschauung" is to be called, but knows when the master slips into contradictions, and is not afraid to set them down. He writes excellently; the translation, due to a Professor at the Leland Stanford University in California, is greatly superior to that of Herr Düntzer's pages. In the little picturesque (or even gossiping) touches that we like when reading any human creature's life, Düntzer is to be preferred. No one will expect me to launch out in these columns on Goethe's merits as a lyric singer, a man of science, a dramatist, or to improvise one more critique of the First and Second Parts of "Faust." I call attention to a much-wanted catalogue here supplied of the chief composers who have set Goethe's verses to music. But may I, before laying down my pen, observe that the future will surely more and more compel thoughtful students of the literature and philosophy associated with Kant, Goethe, Hegel, and their disciples to choose whether they will judge these phenomena by Christian principles or frankly acknowledge, in the blunt language of Strauss, that they are Christians no longer? At present, if a man declines to take Goethe's sentimental journey through life as justified in itself, or to glorify his Monism and Ego-worship, that unlucky person, though equal in point of information to any other, is branded as a Philistine and thrust out of court. Then the Monist announces that he is himself cultivated, of course, and impartial. I grant his culture; but I see sectarian principles in the very water-mark of the paper on which he is writing.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "Life of Goethe." By Heinrich Düntzer. Translated by Thomas W. Lyster. 2s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—"Life of Goethe." By Albert Bielschowsky, Ph.D. Translated by Professor W. A. Cooper, Stanford University. Vol. III. (1815-32.) 15s. (New York: Putnam.)

MR. GALSWORTHY'S SHORT STORIES.

Mr. Galsworthy's new book consists of nineteen short sketches of men and women. Half of the persons interro-

* "A Commentary." By John Galsworthy. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

gated or described belong to the rich and leisured classes, and their callousness, or indifference, or ignorance, is brought out by a restrained emphasis that seems to be the expression of a most passionate disgust; the other half, in contrast, are the very poor, and their brutality or despair, or helplessness, or (in one case) their pitiful hope, is drawn with the same quiet intensity. Their titles, "The Lost Dog," "Old Age," "The Careful Man," "The Mother," "A Child," etc., may remind us of the "Miscrocosmographie." Nothing more different in treatment could be imagined. Earle is all wit and abstraction. Mr. Galsworthy appears to draw an individual, giving the most intimate individual touches in description and conversation. The difference in method is the difference between two ages. The results are not so far apart, for except in one or two cases Mr. Galsworthy succeeds in generalising his characters, so as to make them types and even personifications. For example, the rich decent old man so anxious to provide for his grandchildren sees at night his doubts and fears squatting on the footrail of his bed:

"They took, fantastically, the shape of owls, clinging in a line and swaying, while from their wide black gaps of mouth would come the silent chorus: 'Money, money, you'll lose all your money!' . . . Then, beside his head, half-hidden in the pillow, there would come and perch the spectral bird of some unlikely liability, such as a lawsuit that might drive him into bankruptcy; while, on the other side, would squat the yellow fowl of Socialism. Between these two he would lie unmoving, save for the hammering of his heart, but at last would come a drowsiness, and he would fall asleep."

By the end of the sketch the character has changed into a personification of thinking about cash. Fear, again, is personified; he is a little, chestless, out-of-work baker, the type of "thousands of other working creatures who were dying because fear had made them work too long." On the other hand, Mr. Galsworthy more than once strains for this effect and has such sentences as "suddenly in threes and fours he scurries home." But to create a personification, or an "emblem," is the highest achievement of this method, and it succeeds admirably in "Fear," "Money," "Order," and "Hope." They become a sort of exquisite tract. The weakness of the method is that its social purpose is obvious. The *parti pris* lessens the vitality of the book. We sometimes feel that the writer could have been more truthful and perhaps more effective had he troubled less about the neatness and consistency of his tract. We see him and his intentions more clearly than his characters; and when he deals with the poor this is a grave weakness, because he has, as it were, clothed himself in their garments to speak, instead of letting them speak in their own way. Thus, as well as being personifications, there are lay figures that speak with the voice of Mr. Galsworthy, though they are labelled differently.

Novel Notes.

THE FOREFRONT OF THE BATTLE. By Andrew Loring. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

To some extent this is a sort of modernised version of the story of David and Bathsheba. Adrian Denisòn, a brilliant political leader, talking to some friends of his ideal woman, says: "I admit it—when I come face to face with this woman, whom I can love as I have pictured love, it will change all life for me. Ambition—yes, that is the star on which my eyes have been fixed. I have only been waiting, been filling up the hours, the days, the years, until that other and that brighter star shall shine into my life." His friends are sceptical, but when he meets with Evelyn Meredith he proves that he was passionately in earnest. He rises rapidly in fame and fortune, becomes Prime Minister of England, and thrusts aside all thought of honour, and stoops to an act of shame in his determination to remove from his path the man who stands between him and the woman he loves. He gains his end, and for a while is happy; then come disaster, discovery, danger of exposure, a magnanimous forgiveness, and at last, when all seems to be coming right again, he finds he has lost the love of the woman for whom he had sinned and dared, and his ambition falls dead, and he voluntarily turns his back on his greatest victory. It is a poignant and very ably written romance, and the inevitable tragedy of it is developed with a sure and keen dramatic instinct.

THE SHAME OF MOTLEY. By Rafael Sabatini. 6s. (Hutchinson & Co.)

The hero of this exciting Italian romance has to buy his life from a tyrant at the cost of wearing the fool's garb of motley. This unheroic plight causes him not only shame, but danger. However, as an envoy from Cardinal Borgia, he manages, after much fighting and intrigue, to win the affections of a fair aristocrat, and the shame is stripped from him. The period of the story involves the usual shedding of blood and wild work, out of which the hero and the heroine emerge only at the last page. But there is one shocking scene which outrages the reader's feelings. The brutal governor of Cesena catches up a page who has tripped on the floor and flings him straight into the blazing fire upon the hearth, pinning down the poor lad's body with a pike to ensure his destruction. This frenzied act takes place before the eyes of the lad's father. Realism is well enough, but a sickening incident of this kind, we submit, is a breach of artistic reticence. The author otherwise has written a story of exceptional heat and vigour, which commands the reader's interest to the very end. The adventures are thrilling enough for even the most jaded palate, and the shameful position of the hero is redeemed by the bravery and chivalry which this involuntary fool displays. Fortune's blows do not tame his spirit. Luckily, he gets his reward. And so does the chief villain of the tale.

R. J.'S MOTHER, AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE. By Margaret Deland. 6s. (Harpers.)

The six short stories which make up the present volume have evidently been reprinted from the better-class American magazines. They are, indeed, very typical of the American short story—carefully written, even delicate, pathetic, and occasionally almost tragic. But never quite. The nearest approach to tragedy is to be found in "A Black Drop," the tale of an American young man who loves a white girl with a drop of black blood in her veins. The story works up; hints about the clash of race instincts give the reader a sense of doom; he expects something; and then the whole affair simply fizzles out. Anti-climax in real life is always tragic or humorous. This is neither. The men in these stories seem to marry because they want some one to take care of, the women because they want some one to manage. They are people floating on a swirl of currents, or lying in backwaters, rather than swimmers striking out for themselves. Is it so in America? One closes the book with a sense of disappointment, owning, however, at the same time, that it has been very pleasant reading.

THE PRODIGAL CITY. By Tristram Coutts. 6s. (Greening.)

The author of "The Pottle Papers" has turned to more serious themes and written a clever, thoroughly up-to-date novel of municipal politics. In the beginning, his hero,

Rupert Ethering, is in the eyes of the world "simply a lawyer's clerk out of employment, who had rushed to London only a fortnight ago in something like desperation," but in reality he is an earnest politician, a passionate reformer who believes in building up public happiness "by means of legislative enactments"—in a word, he is "an idealist in difficulties." He is of the Hamlet breed, given to brooding when he should be doing, and it is a woman who spurs his ambition, saying:

"I'll be your resolution. I have enough for two. Don't give way to philosophy. It's a diet of bread and onions in the midst of plenty. . . . I'll supply any quantity of enthusiasm."

He is an eloquent speaker, and wholly sincere; but he falls into the hands of unscrupulous financiers who apparently give him the means to speak and work honourably for the furtherance of his aims, whilst they are covertly using his power and achievements for their own rascally purposes. In the end you find Rupert happily married, but not to the girl he looked like marrying when he was at the height of his glory; you find him disillusioned, sadly experienced, something of a cynic, starting life afresh with new and soberer ideals and a new goal in prospect. It is a very readable romance and an able exposure of the municipal jobberies and corruption, tales and rumours of which have of late been darkening the newspapers.

THE HONOUR OF "X." By Graham Hope. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

It illustrates curiously the present-day research for novelty of plot that here in one book should be found material for two such widely different types of fiction as the sensational tale of international intrigue and a rustic Welsh idyll, and, in Miss Graham Hope's hands, the combination and the contrast are by no means unpleasing. The honour of "X" is the honour of one Prince Rurikoff, an accomplished Russian spy, who belongs to the nihilist Inner Circle. Travelling in Wales as Basil Gregory, an artist, he makes the acquaintance of the doctor, whose daughter possesses a wonderful untaught voice. The complications which ensue hinge mainly on the Inner Circle's denial of marriage to its members under pain of death. Prince Rurikoff, a pleasant character though a spy upon spies, is rather subtly drawn, as indeed are all the other pleasant characters in the book. The Welsh scenes are so simple and restrained that one is sorry to pass on to London and foreign affairs. "The Honour of 'X,'" though it deals with sensational matters, is one of those quiet unpretentious novels that make good reading, and the glimpses it gives of Russian turmoil are singularly level-headed.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. **Miss M. P. Willcocks.**
Author of "A Man of Genius."

A MAN OF GENIUS. By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. (John Lane.)

Memory, though an unconscious, is by no means a bad critic of fiction; and the glowing press notices of Miss Willcocks's "Wingless Victory," appended to the present volume, have set us trying to recollect what we can of the earlier work. It seems to have consisted of two parts, the connection between which is not now very plain. The first part of the story, if we recollect aright, was pitched in that wild north-west corner of Devon the bleak luxuriance of which has so permeated all Miss Willcocks's writing. The second part of the story took place in Brixham (was it Brixham?), and had a good deal to do with water-pipes. It seems, indeed, to have been rather overshadowed by water-pipes. We do not recollect much of the heroine; nor much of the hero, unless he was the rather ineffective doctor who made the fuss about the said water-pipes. But we do remember with admiration a strong primitive woman who fought and worked savagely to bring up "fitty" her illegitimate child. In short, the atmosphere of the "Wingless Victory" must have made a strong impression on us, but hardly so the details. Miss Willcocks advances. Many, if not most, of the characters in "A Man of Genius," though mainly ordinary men and women, are obviously of the sort that stick in the memory, and the scene is laid throughout among the same people and in the same part of North Devon. Hence this story's greater unity. Ambrose Velly, a young architect of genius, marries—he has to marry—a girl who is an altogether charming example of a naïve country maiden. Then in his struggle with ideals and with the world, he craves for the sympathy of the other woman who loves him, Damaris Westaway, the cultured daughter of an old clergyman whose intellectual honesty drives him from the Church. "She will give you little children, but I will give you the great deeds she cannot," says Damaris, with the candour in which only a pure mind, facing things resolutely, can indulge. That, in brief, is the story; an old one, true of many men, but made fresh by Miss Willcocks's treatment and verve. The central figures are true as types and true as individuals. The etching of the subsidiary figures is even more admirable than the painting of the others. "A Man of Genius" is memorable in the literal as well as in the extended sense of the world.

THE PASSION OF PAUL MARILLIER. By Adeline Sergeant. 6s. (Methuen.)

Sir David Blundell is approaching death. By more or less of a coincidence, his unacknowledged heir, son of his disgraced son, returns from the colonies. There are already at Blundell Court Sir David's grand-daughter and his factotum, Paul Marillier. The latter, of course, feels himself entitled to the grand-daughter and the estates. The grandson is a fine fellow; the secretary is a suave schemer; the grand-daughter is beautiful. It might almost be called the English *roman à trois*, so frequent is the situation in our fiction, so cleverly does it play on our ingrained love of big estates. At least one other novel published this season has contained a story precisely similar in its main lines. Miss Sergeant's is rather the more sentimental, if we remember the first rightly. She

allows Paul an unhappy secret marriage and a much-cherished crippled son. What man will not willingly forgive, death makes him. And she sticks to her last. She does not interrupt her story with psychological discussion or fine writing. The plot is everything in this type of novel, and Miss Sergeant's is a quite admirably worked piece of machinery.

LADY ATHLYNE. By Bram Stoker. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Bram Stoker seems to have quietened down amazingly since he wrote "Dracula." The plot of "Lady Athlyne," which is amusing, not to say farcical, rather than dramatic, he treats with great seriousness. Whilst Joy Ogilvie and her irascible duelling Kentucky father are crossing the Atlantic, the Irish stewardness declares that Joy is just the husband for her foster-son, the Earl of Athlyne. They forthwith dub Joy "Countess of Athlyne," and the nickname sticks; so much so that the Earl, under an alias, goes to seek the woman who is masquerading as his wife. Of course they meet, and of course—and so on. All their misunderstandings and adventures, mainly due to the American colonel's irritability and his curious conception of honour, end in an inadvertent Scotch marriage. Though there is good material here for pure comedy, Mr. Stoker chooses to treat his theme with a punctiliousness the weight of which is scarcely relieved by such phrases us "the lightning that flashed" from the Earl's eyes. The dialogue, too, is sometimes stilted, and there is too much talk around and about the action. It is a pity that Mr. Stoker has so burdened his comic story and amusing characters with conventionally violent love-making, and with crumbs of lead from the problem-mongers' tables.

THE MAGIC OF MAY. By "Iota." 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The weakness of "The Magic of May" is that scarcely one of its characters is a normal human creature, and the three or four children who figure largely in its earlier pages are in their talk and actions morbidly unchildlike. The little Eleanor, who is to grow up into the heroine of the book, is grotesquely, objectionably, and almost impossibly precocious. Her shrewish mother marries a second husband, a snobbish clerk, much younger than herself, and the neglected Eleanor goes to stay with a great-uncle who is a parson; at the age of ten she builds an altar of a box and some flowers, makes a clay image of the Apostle Peter, and not only worships at it herself, but brings three village clodhoppers to join in her devotions. Round this altar the Psalmist David and certain of the disciples gather to converse with her, in her imaginings, and on one occasion you find her when she is alone there with her dog, Bran, thus unburdening herself:

"'Look here, David,' she said in her clear, impressive voice, 'you'll understand if any one will, on account of writing psalms yourself—go away, Bran! you're not in this. Please listen, David. This is just how it is. Are you attendin', dear David? It's only me, Eleanor—'tisn't Goliath. You can leave your slings and things at home, you know—bring just your harp. Well, David, my gran'uncle is in the awf'lest position. He had begun a book—not a usual book, but a Great Work. You were in it—in the nicest way,'"

and so forth. Happily Eleanor becomes more tolerable as she grows older; she is loved by two men, marries the one she loves least, and when she has almost wrecked her own life and her husband's, by a natural but wrongful suspicion of him, that for a time turns her brain, she wins through to something of health and contentment and goes with him to the unsuccessful lover to say, "We cannot get on any longer without you, Ronny. Will you come back into our lives?" It is good sentimental romance, and though the occasional humour of it is strained, it is all readable, and much of it is clever—clever enough to make one wish that "Iota" would weave us a story of real life, with real, natural human people living and moving through it.

The Bookman's Table.

FROM A HERTFORDSHIRE COTTAGE. By W. Beach Thomas. 3s. 6d. (Alston Rivers.)

This book consists of nearly fifty short country essays, dealing with an unusually wide range of subjects, most of them from Hertfordshire and the Midlands, but some from Oxford. "Of many nature books of recent years," says Mr. Thomas, "the best and the most popular are essays in local history by fond and faithful natives"; and his book undoubtedly gives him a high place among such writers as Mr. Dewar, Mr. Patterson, and Miss Hayden. For he is a careful and original observer, who would be worth having for the sake of his eyes and ears alone; but he is also a great lover and a curious-minded man, with an undoubted turn for writing. "An Oxford Garden," for example, might at first sight seem to be a venturesome subject, but Mr. Thomas writes with so much knowledge and feeling that he makes an essay out of it not in any way unworthy of the other writers who have been before him. "Grass and greystone are of the heart of the Oxford garden," he says, and he finds them at their best at Wadham and New College. "I would not," he says, coming to these two, "weigh the beauty of two perfect things, but in Wadham the dark-green layers of shade of the cedar, and the grass flush with the wall, add an attribute that escapes even the barrier of limes in New College." We agree with him. Other chapters of more than common beauty, and of close observation as well, are those on "Cloud Birth" and "The Ways of Wasps." But then "New Mown Hay," "A Sunday in Harvest," "Weather," "The Meaning of Green," are also quite admirable. There are a hundred things to which we should like to draw attention, but we must restrict ourselves to one, and that is his praise of gorse, and particularly his recommendation that the "waste and hideous shale-beds" of the Black Country should be planted with gorse and broom and turned into a golden country, as parts of South Wales have been. "May it not yet be," he concludes, "that the Black Country shall bring botanists and poets to their knees?"

THE ANGEL AND THE AUTHOR—AND OTHERS. By Jerome K. Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

On the title-page of this pleasant volume, Mr. Jerome calls himself "Author of 'Paul Kelver,' 'Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow,' 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back,' and others." But where is "Three Men in a Boat"? Why has that become a mere "other"? We beg Mr. Jerome not to be ashamed of that classic. We will admit that an insular country subject to fogs, and with a powerful middle class, requires grave statesmen; but we assert that it also requires funny men, and funny books. Now "Three Men in a Boat" was a funny book. It made us laugh. We loved Harris, and George, and we did not mind Montmorency. We were always a little distressed by the alleged pathos of certain pages, and we have been afflicted since by the many, many serious pages that the author has felt impelled to write in other books. Give it up, Mr. Jerome. We called "Three Men in a Boat" low, and vulgar, and suburban; we sneered because it savoured of Peckham, and urged you to write improving books—just as, when Sullivan died, we said severely that he had wasted his talent on trivial comic operas, when he might have produced serious masterpieces like "The Golden Legend" and "The Martyr of Antioch." Where are those masterpieces now? We are humbugs, Mr. Jerome. We liked your funny book and were ashamed to say so. We are pleased to announce that in the present volume, Mr. Jerome is quite frequently funny. The fun is a little chastened, and seriousness will keep breaking in; but the reader will often laugh, and bless

the book that pleasantly tickles him. Let us assure Mr. Jerome, in parting, that whatever he may say on his title-page, he is really the author of "Three Men in a Boat."

TRAMP'S PHILOSOPHY. By Bart Kennedy. 6s. (Long.)

The keynote of Mr. Bart Kennedy's philosophy is its genial, cynical, stark good sense. He has imagination, he has a feeling for the poetry that underlies everything, he has the true tramp's love of loafing and dreaming and frank dislike of work, but in his time he has carried a hod, he has worked with a pick, he has been at close grips with the hard and hungry facts of life, and has learned his lessons from them. He does not take himself, nor his art, nor his fellow artist, nor his fellow man too seriously. Follies that another would scorn and denounce self-righteously move him only to sympathetic, charitable laughter, for his is a kindly, practical spirit, and he knows enough of humanity not to expect too much of it. There are some shrewd little character sketches in "An Odd Gallery," and here and elsewhere, whether he writes "Concerning Work," on "The Coming of Romance," on "Courage," "The People who Govern," "Putting on Side," "The Folly of Thrift," "Concerning Art and Artists," or any other of his twenty-nine topics, he has always the large, urbane, generous outlook of the man who has gone below the surface and seen to the heart of things and found it "a merry and a comic world . . . a world where it doesn't do to get too much vexed." That staccato note, that trick of ejaculatory repetition which *Punch* has delighted to parody, is almost entirely absent from Mr. Kennedy's work in this latest of his books; his style has mellowed, there is more of the warmth and colour of humour in it, but its very ease and quietness make it more effective than ever; it has shed its eccentricities, without losing any of its strong individuality. A very stimulating, suggestive, and thoroughly enjoyable collection of essays on the everyday things that concern everybody.

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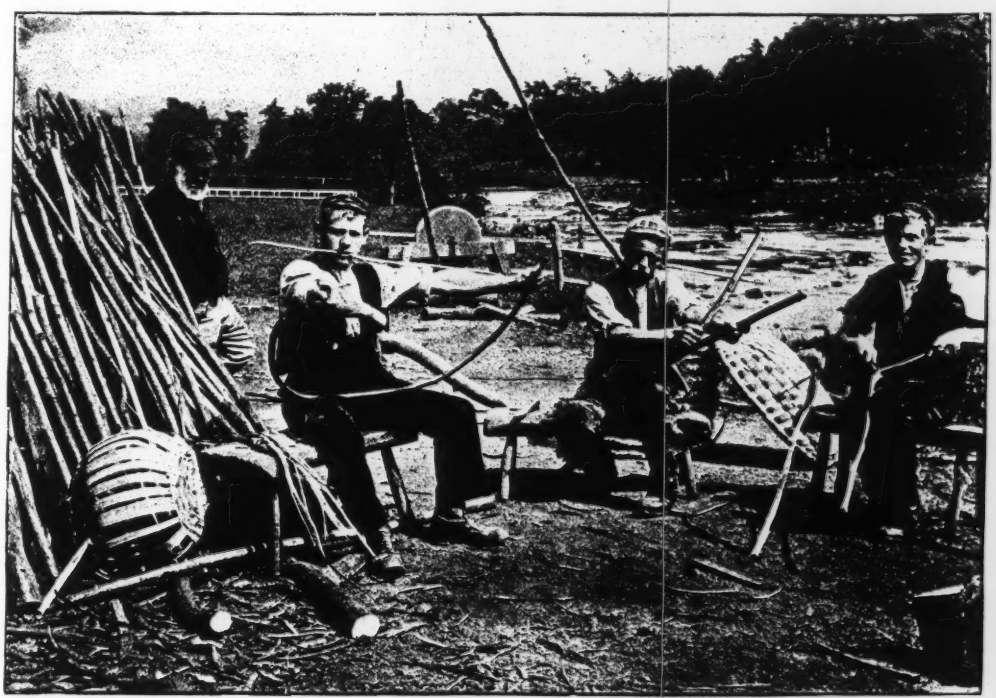

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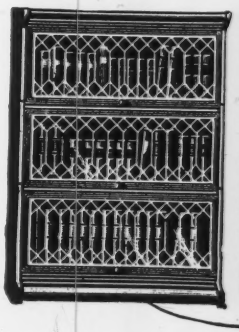

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